

THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER
AND
RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

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ART. I.—THE SYNOD OF DORT.

ONE hundred years ago, a controversy, familiarly known as the "Arminian Controversy," began to disturb the churches of New England. The excitements under the revival system introduced by Whitefield tended to develop more distinctly two systems of theology, and these continued to struggle with each other for a long while before any actual schism in the churches took place. "Arminianism" was the earliest form of protest in New England which the reason of man put forth against the five points of Calvinism. The controversy is familiar enough with all readers of our ecclesiastical history. But the origin of this controversy, and its inauguration upon the theological arena, are less familiarly known, though, if fairly written out, it would comprise one of the most important chapters in the history of the development of Christianity.

The Synod of Dort had a most important influence in shaping the theology of Protestantism. It rendered a service to Calvinism very much like that which the Council of Trent rendered to Catholicism. The history of it, aside from its theological bearings, is full of the most thrilling incident. No history of papal persecutions in-

volves a story of more patient and heroic suffering, on the one hand, or of misused and arrogant power, on the other.

We do not know that the history of the Synod of Dort, or a clear and candid view of the first conflict between Calvinism and Arminianism, is anywhere to be found, except in the ponderous and unreadable folios of Brandt. His "*Reformation in Holland*" is written with remarkable candor; but it is rather a work out of which a history is to be made, than a history in itself. Brandt was an Arminian, but we believe he always tells the truth. Davies, in his late excellent *History of Holland*, often cites him, and is himself admirably impartial, sometimes to the point of leaning over a little towards the side he thinks wrong, so as to be sure of keeping his balance. We have followed both, comparing one with the other, and we have endeavored with the aid of collateral history to draw a picture of those times as distinct and as truthful as possible.

They were times which immediately succeeded the war with Spain in the Netherlands, the account of which we have, in part, in the charming pages of Prescott's *Philip II.*, and more full in the more recent and splendid history of Motley. That war was conducted through its first stages by the Prince of Orange,—the hero of Mr. Motley's great epic, for such it is; and after the assassination of Orange it was carried on to its consummation by his son Maurice, who succeeded to his titles and honors. The twelve years' truce with Spain commenced in 1609, and it was about that time that the theological controversy opened.

Let us first get a passing view of the prominent characters that figured in the religious war which for twelve years tore the vitals of the Dutch Republic. They are sufficiently individualized by their deeds; and as for their personal features, they look out with lifelike expression from the woodcuts in Brandt's ponderous folios.

MAURICE OF NASSAU, son of the Prince of Orange, was seventeen years old when his father was assassinated. He was immediately chosen Stadtholder of Holland, and though yet but a boy, he succeeded his father in the military command. His talents as a general sur-

passed all expectations. Philip made a great mistake in the assassination of Orange, who never had any success in the field. Maurice from the beginning never lost a battle. No Spaniard ever saw his back, and in a few years he drove the enemies of his country beyond the Meuse, and cleared the Protestant Netherlands of Spaniards for ever. His army was the best school of military art in all Europe. The case of Octavius Cæsar hardly exhibits an instance of a wisdom and judgment that ripened so early and so well. He had the unerring *coup d'œil* that seizes the decisive point in the issue of a battle, and he had the comprehension to secure the fruits of victory. For twenty years he lived exclusively in the camp, and so effectually did he keep the Spaniard beyond the frontiers of the country, that the laborer felt secure as in times of peace, the husbandman sowed and reaped without interruption; factories sprung up, trade flourished, the earth yielded her increase, wealth even poured its treasures into the lap of the republic, while war bristled on every side up to its very borders. Maurice became the idol of his country.

But the highest and noblest virtues are not nourished in a camp. Maurice became imperious, ambitious, unscrupulous, impatient of all opposition, insensible to the gentler emotions; and when peace returned, and the army was disbanded, he was one of the most dangerous men that a free commonwealth could have within its bosom. As we look upon his picture, we see more of the soldier than of the man. He is thick-set, his texture coarse; his eye has a stony lacklustre, and is without sensibility from long familiarity with sights of carnage.

JOHN OWEN BARNEVELDT was as illustrious as a statesman as Maurice was as a general. No man ever lived and died with a more spotless fame. He was born in 1549, and after the assassination of Orange his consummate wisdom was the guide of the Provinces through the war that resulted in their independence. If Maurice was the right hand of his country, Barneveldt may be said to have furnished its most active brain. For thirty years he manifested profound skill in business, in diplomacy, in consolidating the union, in penetrating the designs of his country's enemies, in plans of

defence, and in minute and comprehensive statesmanship. When Spain was ready for an armistice, Barneveldt was appointed plenipotentiary, and negotiated the peace of 1609. His character rose high above all personal views, all selfish aims, and no consideration ever made him swerve a hair's breadth from his integrity. His heart was warm and generous; he had a wife and children whom he loved, but it embraced his whole country with steady fervor. When the truce was under negotiation, Maurice opposed it, and demanded the continuance of the war. Barneveldt penetrated his ambitious designs, saw clearly that he meant to place the military power above the civil, and continue himself at the head of it, and so crush the rising liberties of his country. But the wise and good statesman defeated the schemes of the military leader, and procured for his country an auspicious and glorious peace. Maurice from that time became the secret enemy of Barneveldt. At the close of the war, Barneveldt was advanced in life. Wisdom and benevolence gave a venerable dignity to his features, and age had shed its silver upon his hair.

After Leyden had been saved from the horrors of its long siege, the Prince of Orange, to reward the bravery of the inhabitants, gave them the choice between two things, — an annual fair or a university. They chose the latter, and hence rose the famous University of Leyden.

There were two Professors in the University, who were destined to act a most important part in coming events. One was FRANCIS GOMAR, a man of a sour temper, violent in his language, and pretty strongly tinctured with the theological odium. He looks out grimly from the woodcut in Brandt, and his eye and face remind you of Burke's celebrated aphorism, — "No heart is harder than that of a metaphysician."

The other Professor referred to was JAMES ARMINIUS, a man of vast and varied learning, forming a striking contrast in spirit and temper with his colleague. He was candid, mild, and tolerant, his manners were gentle, his eloquence sweet, silvery, and persuasive, and his thirst for truth so ardent, that no human statement of it satisfied either his intellect or his heart. He obtained while yet young so much reputation as a scholar, that

the magistrates of Amsterdam sent him at the public expense to complete his studies at Geneva. There he became the pupil of Beza; but he showed so much independence of thought, that he was obliged to leave. He went to Italy, and attended the famous lectures at Padua. His zeal for the Reformed religion was so great, and his learning so profound, that he was chosen to defend the doctrine of Predestination against a recent work which had been written in opposition to it. He read the work; his candor led him to the conclusion that it could not be refuted; he was converted by it, honestly avowed his change of opinion, and held ever after that the grace necessary for salvation is attainable by all mankind. Returning to Holland, he was invited to a vacant professorship at Leyden.

HUGO GROTIUS was the associate of Barneveldt in many of his labors and negotiations. He was admired as a prodigy, and not without reason. Lawyer, poet, historian, philosopher, jurist, diplomatist, linguist, theologian, and general scholar, he acted in various capacities, and wrote in almost every department of letters; but he undertook nothing that he did not accomplish well, and he touched nothing with his pen that he did not illustrate and adorn. His work on Natural and National Law laid the foundation of a new science; his Commentary on the New Testament is held in estimation; his defence of Christianity is masterly; his *Belgic History* is still quoted as authority; his metrical translations from the Greek are full of spirit and life. In one instance he made unworthy compliances to secure his personal safety. But he was ardent and faithful in his attachments, and drew his friends to him with the strongest ties of affection, while his enemies admired his fertile and brilliant genius. He loved his country with a fondness which no wrongs abated, and no man ever did so much for it in diffusing sound taste, polite learning, and liberal thought in all departments of science. He was born at Delft in 1583.

SIMON EPISCOPUS succeeded Arminius in the chair of theology, — a man of rare powers as a controversialist, of great moral courage and self-command, as a metaphysician acute and ingenious, and as a popular debater having the power of a stirring and commanding elo-

quence. A story is told of him illustrative of the persuasiveness of his tones. A debate was carried on in Latin between himself and an opponent, who probably was Gomar, during which he converted to his side a sturdy Dutchman who had been a charmed listener without understanding a word of the debate. On being asked how the argument of Episcopius had convinced him, seeing he could not understand it, his reply was, "Episcopius kept his temper, while his opponent got angry."

The Dutch provinces which had thrown off the Spanish yoke were all Protestant, and they had accepted that form of Protestantism popularly known as Calvinism. In that system the doctrine of unconditional election forms a distinguishing feature, and may be called the key-stone of the theological arch. All men by birth are in a state of spiritual ruin. Out of this ruin God chose from eternity a certain number. In his own good time he touches them by his omnipotent grace, which they have no power to resist, and calls them to salvation. He passes over the rest, and leaves them reprobate. The selected ones he preserves in a state of grace, and they cannot fall out of it. Original and Total Ruin, Election, Reprobation, Effectual Calling, and Final Perseverance, are the five acts in the great drama that winds up the destinies of humanity. The elect were not chosen for any foreseen good in them, for there was none, and the efficacy of the atoning sacrifice does not extend to the race, but is only commensurate with the elected ones.

This system was set forth distinctly in the Heidelberg Catechism and the Confession of Faith of the Reformed Churches by a synod held as early as 1574, and the Catechism and Confession were both regarded as supreme authority and the creed of the national religion.

The ecclesiastical government of the Protestant Netherlands was Presbyterian. It rose by three steps or gradations; namely, Consistories, Classes, and Synods. A Consistory was the assembly of a single church; a Class, of the representatives of several churches, forming a district; a Synod, of several districts, sometimes including a whole state or province, and thus making the top of the

ecclesiastical pyramid. But by the terms of union, each state was supreme within itself, and jealously guarded the right of settling its own form of faith and worship.

Arminius was inducted into his professorship in 1603. His appointment was opposed by Gomar, because he was deemed unsound on the doctrine of free-will; but the opposition was soon given over, and the point in question treated as non-essential. But one year afterwards it fell to Arminius to lecture distinctly on the subject of predestination, in which he put forward the thesis, "That it was pleasing to God that all should be converted, and, having come to a knowledge of the truth, continue steadfast therein; but that he constrained no one." This roused the opposition of Gomar, who put forth a counter thesis, "That it was determined by the eternal resolution of God who are to be saved, and who to be given over to condemnation; whence it followed, that some are drawn to the faith by the grace of God, and, being so drawn, are by the same grace preserved from falling away from the faith; but that God had left the greater part of mankind in the general corruption of human nature." Arminius charged Gomar, that he made God the cause of sin. Gomar charged Arminius, that he made man the cause of his own salvation. The pupils of the Professors took sides, most of them with Arminius, and the once peaceful retreats of the University became like Pandemonium, the scene of polemic gladiatorship, while they reasoned high

"Of providence, foreknowledge, will and fate;
Fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost."

The ministers of the churches caught the spirit of the controversy, and began to divide on the question of Predestination and the universal provisions of the Atonement. The curators of the University took alarm. They instituted an inquiry, and made a report that the points in controversy involved no fundamental doctrine, recommended mutual toleration, and hoped that the evil spirit was allayed.

Vain expectation! Oil very often proves the most dangerous fuel of polemic fires. The controversy in the University had been carried on in Latin; but the

ministers, taking it up, fulminated from their pulpits in the vernacular tongue. The people caught it from the ministers. It went into the streets, the tavern, and the market; and the boor and the kitchen-maid spluttered fiercely in Dutch on "fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute." The baker at his dough, the blacksmith at his anvil, the washwoman at her tub, talked loud and shrill of the secret counsels of the Almighty. The Arminians were moderate and tolerant, but the Calvinists overwhelmed them with indignity and denunciation.

The State Council of Holland was appealed to by the Arminians for protection. The Council summoned the rival Professors before them at the Hague, with four ministers of the Church. On the Council sat Barneveldt, before whose venerable form and benignant face the evil spirit of contention, if anywhere, would be hushed into a calm. As the result of the discussion, the Council reported to the States, that the disputants were agreed on all the fundamentals of religion, and might easily exercise mutual toleration as to the rest. Barneveldt tried to soothe the commotion with the diffusive clemency of his own mind, promised the disputants that their differences should be reconciled by a national synod, and recommended them to live in peace with each other. Whereupon, Gomar arose and vented anew the fires of controversy, assumed an awful solemnity, and declared "that the opinions of his brother Professor were such, that he should fear to die in them and appear before the judgment-seat of God, and that the difference in their doctrine was sufficient to set province against province, church against church, town against town, and citizen against citizen."

No satisfactory results followed the conference, and the controversy raged on. The State Council, wishing to know more fully the tenets of Arminius, and if indeed there was any lurking poison contained in them, summoned him to appear before them again at the Hague, and explain more at length what he believed. He accordingly appeared, October 31, 1608, and, in a long discourse, characterized by candor, forbearance, and the absence of all personal allusions to his adversary, laid open his sentiments in full. They were substantially

the same as those drawn up afterwards, and known as the Five Arminian Articles. He rejected the opinion that God had by an eternal decree predestinated men not created, much less guilty, some to eternal life and others to eternal destruction, without regard to their virtues or crimes, and merely to evince his mercy and justice, or, as others say, his wisdom and absolute power, — especially that man was so predestined not only before his fall, but before his creation, — and that therefore Christ died, not for mankind in general, but only for the elect, who are but few in number. His positive belief, as afterwards drawn up, touched upon five principal points : —

“First, that God had resolved from the beginning to elect into eternal life those who through his grace believed in Jesus Christ and continued steadfast in the faith ; that, on the contrary, he had resolved to leave the obstinate and unbelieving to eternal damnation. Secondly, that Christ had died for the whole world, and obtained for all remission of sins and reconciliation with God, of which nevertheless the faithful only are made partakers. Thirdly, that man cannot have a saving faith by his own free will, since while in a state of sin he cannot think or do good, but it is necessary that the grace of God through Christ should regenerate and renew the understanding and affections. Fourthly, that this grace is the beginning, continuance, and end of salvation, and that all good works proceed from it, but that it is not irresistible. Fifthly, that although the faithful receive by grace sufficient strength to resist Satan, sin, the world, and the flesh, yet man can by his own act fall away from this state of grace.”

Arminius also maintained, that the Confession and Catechism were not to be held supreme and unalterable, which distinction was accredited only to the Bible alone, but that their revision was both proper and necessary. After he had closed, Gomar demanded permission to speak. It was granted him, and he went on with vehement personal accusations against Arminius, compared him with Arius, and indulged in other invectives so virulent and unprovoked, that he disgusted the Council, who inclined almost without exception to Arminius.

The evil spirit of contention spread wider and deeper, till it reached every province and every town in the commonwealth. It seemed as if a maddening poison were circulating through all its veins, and stinging it into

fits of frenzy. In the province of Holland, most of the clergy were with Gomar, while most of the laity were with Arminius. The Confession and Catechism were brushed up, a "Class" in North Holland exacted a subscription to it on the part of all its ministers, and five who refused were ejected from office. The ejected ministers appealed for protection to the State Council. The State Council demanded of the Class that the ministers should be restored till an investigation could be had into the merits of the case. The Class defied the State Council, and the Synod upheld the Class in a tone of arrogance that induced the suspicion that some secret power was behind them and backing up their pretensions.

Where the Calvinists were a minority, they withdrew, set up a separate worship, and called themselves "the afflicted Church." Arminius died ere these troubles had reached their climax, but not before the little spark struck out in the University had touched a train that ran into every city and town, and involved all the Protestant Netherlands in a lurid blaze. He died in 1609, declaring in his last hour that he had never taught any doctrine but such as after careful examination he found in full agreement with the word of God. Simon Episcopius succeeded him as the champion of his opinions, and ultimately, as we have already said, as Professor in his chair at Leyden.

The Assembly of the State had recommended conciliatory measures, and tried to persuade the two parties to remain in communion with each other. Their recommendation was not invested with the authority of a legal measure, and the town of Amsterdam refused to publish it. Whereupon they sent Grotius thither to urge on the Council of Amsterdam the adoption of the measure. But the Council, having in it a majority of Calvinists, rejected it. Nothing remained to the Arminians in the several churches, inasmuch as they were in the minority, but to withdraw and worship by themselves. They hired a large warehouse for this purpose, where they assembled for the performance of Divine worship to the number of eighteen hundred. Scarcely had the preacher commenced, when the populace who had collected outside broke in the windows with stones, and

rushed upon the preacher to drag him from the pulpit. The women, quite as brave as Jenny Geddes, surrounded him, and defended him with their stools. The assailants then withdrew, and nailed up the only door, as if to set fire to the building, and involve the whole congregation in a horrible death. But the prisoners broke through the door and escaped, the preacher being assailed by stones, and barely getting off with his life. The building was then plundered, and the tiles stripped from the roof. Complaint was made to the magistrates, but the magistrates were Calvinists, and refused to punish the rioters.

Encouraged by this impunity, they assembled in the streets on the next Sabbath, in companies of from fifty to two hundred, beating upon half-barrels, and, pausing before the house of a distinguished and wealthy Arminian, began to batter it down. They forced their way in, when the Arminian laid about him with a warming-pan, the only weapon he could get hold of, and thus kept the assailants at bay till he sent for the police. The police came, but in about half an hour went away again, leaving the house to be plundered by the mob, who ransacked it from garret to cellar, the occupants escaping through a back door. The next day the rioters prepared for further violence, and the principal merchants threatened to leave the city unless they were protected. Considerations of *trade* restored quiet where those of morality and religion could not, and a troop of soldiers was immediately stationed to preserve order. It is stated further, as a curious illustration of sectarian conscientiousness, that the Calvinist clergy, who had inveighed violently against the dances, dress, and festivals of the youth of both sexes, expressed not the slightest disapprobation of these measures, which were intended to exterminate Arminians with violence and murder. Similar disturbances occurred in other places, without restraint from the magistrates.

The Arminians appealed to the State Council for protection. They felt that, in towns where the police or the burgher guards were in the interest of Calvinism, they had no security for their lives. Barneveldt, who was at the head of the State Council, saw the exigency of the case, and suspected moreover that a design existed of changing the form of the government, and of

taking advantage of these tumults, and using the burgher guards for that purpose. A decree was therefore issued by the State Assembly of a special levy of troops in all the principal towns, who should hold themselves in readiness when called on.

This decree, so just and so necessary for the protection of the lives of the citizens, served to unmask the features of one who had secretly favored these commotions, and meant to turn them to his own purposes. Maurice was soon found in league with the Calvinist clergy, in a plan for subverting the civil government, raising himself to arbitrary power, and revenging himself on Barneveldt, who had thwarted his schemes of ambition, and preserved thus far the liberty of the country. He identified himself with the Calvinist party, advocated their scheme of a general synod to crush out the Arminians, and secretly or openly encouraged them in all their violence and intimidation. To this end he meant that the municipal authorities of all the principal towns should be in the interest of himself and the Calvinists. When, therefore, Barneveldt, in execution of the decree of the State Deputies, raised the new troops to strengthen the municipal authorities, Maurice openly and violently opposed the measure. He put himself at the head of two regiments of infantry, marched openly into the towns where the new levies had been raised, or where the municipal authorities were not for the Calvinists, disbanded the new levies, and put in everywhere creatures of his own. This bold and flagrant usurpation filled the State Deputies with surprise and consternation. But his consideration with the people, and his league with a strong religious party, rendered it impossible to resist his measures.

He then set on foot rumors and accusations against Barneveldt. Libels and lampoons were poured out upon him by the partisans of Maurice, and that purest of patriots with his party was charged with a conspiracy for bringing the Provinces again under the dominion of Spain.

Then Maurice and his partisans, especially of the Calvinist clergy, clamored for a national synod, to be convened from the seven provinces, Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Overijssel, Groningen, Friesland, and Guelder-

land, to settle the state of religion. Only the first three had become pervaded with Arminian sentiments. All the rest remained thoroughly Calvinist. In vain did Barneveldt, Grotius, and all the friends of the constitution and religious freedom, urge the fact, that, by the Articles of Union, each province was sovereign in all matters of religion, and none of the other provinces had the least authority over it. They knew too, that, in the present state of men's minds and the influences becoming dominant, the proposed synod would settle nothing, but be an engine of Maurice in his scheme of usurpation and tyranny.

While these troubles were thickening fast, and when Maurice had drawn the municipal authorities under his entire control, a bolder measure followed, and one which filled the unfortunate Arminians with dismay. Barneveldt, with three of his friends, Grotius, Hoogerbeets, and Ledemberg, was suddenly arrested by the body-guard of Maurice, and thrown into prison. This high-handed atrocity, done without the least cover of legal warrant, was an open subjugation of the sovereignty of the State of Holland. Disbanding the levies was the commencement, and this the completion, of the usurpation.

Having possessed the municipal governments with his own creatures, it was easy now to get an assembly of Deputies who should approve his measures. A majority of Calvinists was returned, who were pliant to his will, he agreeing to their favorite measure, a general synod. It was appointed to be held at Dordrecht, November 8, 1618. Preparatory to this, provincial synods must be held in each of the seven provinces, to appoint delegates to the larger and general one; and it was deemed of the first importance that the Calvinists should have a large majority in that assembly. It was not enough barely to outvote the Arminians; they must also be crushed and exterminated. There must not only be a majority of Calvinists, but one that should be formidable. Every means they could devise was employed to that end. The delegates to the provincial synods were chosen by the "Classes." Whenever in these bodies the Calvinists were in a minority, they declared with great solemnity that their consciences troubled them, and would not permit the continuance of communion with

Arminians, and then, withdrawing, formed a separate Class, that sent its own set of delegates, by which means both sides were equal, one offsetting the other. On the other hand, when they had a majority in the Classes, their consciences were quite at ease without any separation, as only one set of delegates, and those pro-Calvinist, were sure to be chosen. As a result of this stratagem, the general synod had an overwhelming majority of Calvinists.

The town of Dordrecht or Dort, famous in all future history for the transactions we shall now narrate, is pleasantly situated in South Holland, and is a place of considerable commercial importance. The Synod did not get together till the 13th of November. There was a large building, called the Doel, set apart for the military exercises of the burgher guards, and in this the renowned assembly held its sessions. Foreign churches were represented, so as to make the array as imposing as possible. The States-General were also represented by eighteen "Political Commissioners."

The reader will please to understand by the States-General, the assembled deputies of the seven united provinces, in distinction from the several State Assemblies. The first had a relation to the second analogous to that of the Congress of the United States to the Legislatures of the several States. Its powers were specified and limited. Each province was sovereign within itself, and possessed all power which it had not delegated to the States-General by the terms of union. The provinces had been peculiarly jealous on the subject of religion, conceding no power to the States-General in that matter, but each reserving all power to itself. But Maurice, acting in concert with the Calvinists, used the States-General to enlarge and consolidate their power, and override the sovereignty of the separate provinces. The States-General held its sessions contemporaneously with those of the Synod, and sent eighteen Political Commissioners to attend it.

The temper of the Synod soon appeared by the character of the man chosen to preside over it. This was John Bogerman, a bitter enemy of the Arminians, violent in temper, intolerant in principle, persecuting in spirit, better qualified, says Schlegel, to be the papal

legate at the Council of Trent, than the moderator of a Protestant synod. On his right were the eighteen Political Commissioners. Opposite, on his left, sat the English delegates. Front of these, in succession, were the delegates from Hesse, Switzerland, Geneva, Bremen, native professors of theology, and, finally, the ministers and delegates from the provincial synods,—each taking precedence according to the rank of their province. With all this imposing array, however, good care was taken that the native Calvinists of the seven provinces should have a clear majority over all other delegates, so as to keep the proceedings within their own control.

It soon appeared that the Synod was so thoroughly packed, that only two Arminians were members of it; and these were summoned before it as culprits, instead of being allowed to sit as judges. Along with these, they cited eleven other ministers of the Arminian party to appear before them, and set forth and defend their opinions. These appeared under a safe-conduct, Episcopus being at their head. They knew the depressing influences under which they were called to appear. They knew the assembly was packed by their most violent adversaries, who had already prejudged their cause. They knew the acrimonious temper of the president. They knew they were to be browbeaten, and entangled with subtle questions. They knew that the States-General were ready to enforce the decisions of the Synod with civil pains and penalties. Before their arrival at Dort, which was not till after the Synod had been several days in session, a member of it had held forth from the pulpits of the town to inflame the minds of the people against them; so that when the cited Arminians passed through the streets on their way to the assembly, they were assailed with jeers and insults from the rabble. Never did men appear before judges under circumstances that required a more self-sustaining courage.

And never did men possess their souls with sublimer patience. Episcopus stood up before this array of hostile judges, whose faces lowered with theologic hate, and opened his cause in a long and eloquent harangue, and with such admirable expression of gesture and language, that tears started into the eyes of his bitterest foes. He boldly charged upon the Calvinists the responsibility

of all the recent troubles, and defended his friends against the odium that lay upon them. These troubles, he said, arose from three causes. First, that his friends had opposed those theologians who put forth their abominable opinions about predestination as *doctrines of the Church*. Secondly, that they disapproved of the schisms that were made on account of these subjects. And, thirdly, that they had blamed the intolerance of those who had anathematized as heresy minor differences of opinion on matters not essential to salvation. The Arminians protested against the competency of the tribunal before which they stood, as unfairly constituted, and composed of their adversaries alone. The Synod required the men they had cited before it to give only categorical answers to such questions as they might put to them, to state only what they believed, and keep silence on doctrines they rejected, particularly the doctrine of reprobation, and stop when the Synod thought they had said enough. The Arminians refused to prejudice their cause by any such conditions, and demanded an unreserved exposition of their sentiments, as otherwise they might be trapped and entangled with subtle questions. A resolution was brought in from the States-General, approving all the decrees of the Synod, commanding those cited to submit to them on pain of ecclesiastical and civil punishment, and forbidding them to leave Dort without permission from the Political Commissioners. This was a gross violation of their safe-conduct. Nevertheless, through eleven sessions Episcopius and his brethren stood up, expounding and defending the Five Articles; and though interrupted and browbeaten, they kept on to the close with a self-possession that never deserted them, a resolution that was never daunted, and a Christian temper that never betrayed them. Then Bogerman asked them singly, whether they meant to persist in their present opinions, and each answered, that in the fear of the Lord he could not do otherwise. The president then rose, and poured out upon them a torrent of personal invective, charging them with "subterfuges," "falsehoods," "fraud," "obstinacy," and "arrogance," in return for the "equity, forbearance, and patience" with which they had been treated by the assembly, adding, that the Synod would chastise them with due severity.

He concluded in an imperious tone: "You are dismissed. Go out!"

Episcopus replied, with becoming grace: "On these matters we shall keep silence before our Redeemer; and God be judge between the Synod and us of the artifices, subterfuges, and falsehoods of which we stand accused." They then departed, warned as they went out not to quit the city.

These conferences ended, the Synod undertook to canvass the matters brought before them; and it soon appeared, that, however violent in their condemnation of the Arminians, they were quite as little agreed among themselves. Among the questions on which they split was this: "Whether the Father or the Son was the original ground of salvation?" One Matthew Martinus maintained the former; Gomar, the latter. Gomar retorted on his adversary with indecent violence. The aged Bishop of Llandaff interposed, and pleaded for decency and order, and received for his pains a sharp insult from Gomar. Martinus explained and modified his opinion to make it more palatable to Gomar, but was heard to say in an under-tone, "I have seen in this Synod some things divine, some things human, and some things diabolical."

After a prolonged and somewhat waspish debate, they agreed on the celebrated "Canons," which were put forward in opposition to the five Arminian articles. The Synod determined, "that God has pre-ordained by an eternal and immutable decree, before the creation of the world, upon whom he will bestow the free gift of his grace; that the atonement of Christ, though sufficient for all the world, is efficacious only for the elect; that conversion is not effected by any effort of man, but by the free grace of God, given to those whom he has chosen from all eternity; and that it is impossible for the elect to fall away from this grace."

The Canons being read and approved, the Synod proceeded to make up its judgment upon the persons whom it had cited before it. They were pronounced "innovators," "disturbers of the Church and nation," "obstinate and rebellious," "leaders of faction," "teachers of false doctrine," "workers of schism," and were deprived of all offices both ecclesiastical and academical. They were

cited before the Political Commissioners to hear their sentence. Episcopius replied, on hearing it read: "God will require of you an account of your conduct at the great day of his judgment. There you and the whole Synod will appear. May you never meet with a judge such as the Synod has been to us!"

The reader will not fail to discern that these whole proceedings, both of the States-General and the Synod, so far as they asserted an authority over the opinions of men, were a naked usurpation of power which belonged to the several provinces, but were an essential part in that scheme of Maurice and his accomplices whose tragic results are now to follow.

Everything was ready, and a blow was struck, which rendered all Europe dumb with horror and amazement. Barneveldt, now over seventy years of age, had been lying three months in his prison at the Hague. He was subjected to every indignity that petty malice could devise. He was deprived of the use of pen and paper, and the sight of his wife and children. After the Synod had closed its sessions, it was observed that the resolute and spirited defence of Episcopius and his brethren, with some disturbances that occurred at Alkmaar and Hoorn, had whetted the resentment of his enemies against the venerable prisoner.

He was led forth to trial, charged with various crimes. The court before which he was cited was flagrantly illegal. Maurice and the States-General usurped the whole authority over him and his fellow-prisoners, whereas it belonged exclusively to the State of Holland. But the assembly of the State Deputies had been filled by the creatures of Maurice, since his arbitrary change of the municipal governments, and they tamely submitted to the usurping centralism of the States-General. The court was made up of the tools of Maurice and the bitter enemies of Barneveldt. Most of the charges against him were trivial and contemptible, and, even if true, implied no dereliction of duty; and those that were in their nature criminal were unsupported by a shadow of evidence. He was charged with only one crime which could be construed as treason,—that of secret correspondence with Spain. This had been loudly insisted on before the trial, but was abandoned when the

trial came, as too flagrant to be believed. One of the prisoners, Ledemberg, Secretary of the State of Utrecht, was threatened with torture, in order to extort pretended evidence from him; and it shows the depth of his affection for Barneveldt, that, fearing lest they might torture him into some expression that could be used against him, he committed suicide in prison.

Barneveldt was subjected to twenty-three examinations, so unfairly conducted that, as the historian justly observes, the injustice and severity of his judges were unequalled in the proceedings of Alva's "Council of Blood." His real offences, those which had excited the ire of his enemies, were twofold. First, by concluding the truce with Spain, he defeated the scheme of Maurice for usurping the sovereignty of the Netherlands. Secondly, by levying the new troops in order to strengthen the municipal authorities, he would have secured order in the towns and cities, and protected the Arminians from mob-violence. But Maurice and his accomplices had no intention of being cheated of their revenge on their illustrious victim. The court found him guilty, and condemned him to die.

The aged patriot and sage was in his prison, never dreaming, in his conscious innocence, that his enemies would push things to this extremity. It was on Sunday evening of May 12th, when the worship of the day was over, and the bells were mute again, whose solemn chimes had throbbed through the air of his prison to charm away the thoughts of human ingratitude and wrong. Amid the contemplations of that hour, the prison door opened, and two men entered, whose hard faces had become too familiar to him during his trial. They were Peter van Leeuwen and Lawrence Sylla, both lawyers and his implacable enemies, and who had sat as judges upon his life.

"We have come to summon you to receive sentence of death to-morrow morning."

"Sentence of death? — sentence of death?" said the old man, calmly. "I did not expect that."

He asked permission to write a farewell letter to his wife. Even this privilege could not be granted without leave of the States, and Leeuwen went out to make the request known.

While he was gone out, Barneveldt said to the other lawyer: "Sylla, Sylla, if your father could but know that you have allowed yourself to be employed in this business!" — the only reproof which fell from his benignant lips through this trying emergency.

Leeuwen returned, bringing him materials for writing. He sat down to his paper with great composure.

"Take care what you write," said Sylla, "lest it prevent the delivery of the letter."

"What, Sylla," said the old man, smiling, "are you come to dictate to me what I shall write in my last hour?"

He finished his letter, discoursed freely with them respecting the proceedings of the Synod, detained them to supper, of which he partook with his usual appetite, and then took leave of them in his accustomed and kindly manner.

Barneveldt was loved even to adoration, and no language can describe the grief and anguish into which not only his wife and children were plunged, but his friends also, and the true friends of his country. It was supposed that powerful intercession would be made for his pardon. Maurice expected they would kneel at his feet with imploring sorrow, and that the prisoner himself would humbly petition for his life. It was intimated to them through the princess-dowager, the mother of Maurice, that his life might be spared if they would solicit his pardon. They unanimously determined to make no such petition, as that would imply the guilt of the prisoner. Barneveldt sent his friend Waleus to Maurice to ask his forgiveness if in anything he had offended him, and to entreat him to be gracious to his children. Maurice relented even to tears, and when Waleus was leaving the room he called him back, and inquired, "Has the prisoner made no mention of pardon?" "Not a word," was the reply. Such was the lofty magnanimity from which he would not bend in the least, even to save himself from the scaffold, by one word that should sully the whiteness of his fame.

The evening before his death the ministers who attended him engaged him in conversation on the vexed question of predestination. He entered into the subject with a readiness and a power of argument that showed he had thought much and profoundly upon it, and in such

a high and devout strain did he utter himself, that the ministers kept silent with wonder, and let the discourse flow on. During the interview, he asked if Grotius and Hoogerbeets were also to suffer death. "It would grieve me deeply," said he; "they are young, and may yet do great service to their country. As for me, I am an old and worn-out man."

The 13th of May, 1619, was the time fixed for his execution. The place was in front of the great saloon of the court-house, — a place hallowed by the recollection of so many years of faithful service. Early in the morning the ministers repaired to his bedside.

"Are you prepared to die?"

"I am prepared. Would that by my blood all disunion and strife might cease in the land!"

They led him to execution. It was a most affecting sight when the old patriot, on whose locks seventy-two winters had shed their purest snows, walked forth leaning on his staff, his faithful servant on one side to support his tottering steps, the multitudes standing round, some with averted faces and streaming eyes. In the saloon of that court-house had those wise counsels been given through which his country had risen to independence and glory. There the ambassadors of the haughty Philip had come to sue to him for peace. There, in the day of his country's distress, her children had come to him as to a father, to hang upon his lips, to drink in his wisdom, and become brave again in his courage. There the head, bowed with service and with years, which had conceived the plan and devised the means of execution whereby the Netherlands had been saved, was bending to the stroke of the executioner. As he ascended the scaffold, he quoted the celebrated lines of Horace, now so admirably descriptive of himself: "Not the rage of the people commanding wicked measures, not the face of a threatening tyrant, can shake the settled purpose of the man just and determined in his resolve."*

The meanness of his persecutors was manifest to the end. Neither chair nor cushion had been provided for

* "Justum, et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida." — Horace, III. 3.

him, and he knelt painfully on the bare boards while the minister delivered a prayer. Then he turned to the spectators, and said aloud, with dignified calmness: "My friends, believe not that I am a traitor. I have lived a good patriot, and as such I die." He drew the cap over his eyes with his own hand, and said to the executioner, "Be quick!"—and the gray and venerable head rolled upon the scaffold.

It ennobles us to contemplate such a life and such a death, and fortifies our faith in human virtue. The apologist for Bogerman has put in that miserable plea, that his intolerance was the fault of the age. He forgets that it was the favorite project of Barneveldt and his party to place the religion of his country on the basis of mutual toleration,—to elevate the Bible above the Catechism and Confession, so as to leave free range for the healing charities of the heart. They lost their cause, but they clung to it, and went down with it, rather than yield themselves the instruments of wrong. It was not in vain; they conquered by their death, and their cause went down only to rise with a fairer promise.

Barneveldt has had his detractors even to very recent times. A most impartial historian, after a very minute investigation, thus admirably gives his verdict: "The historian, mistrustful of himself, fearing lest he be led away by the eloquence of the ablest writers of the time, nearly all his powerful advocates, or by the force of popular opinion, often only another word for popular error, scrutinizes jealously every transaction of his life, sifts with suspicious exactness every point of accusation brought against him, examines with care even the slanders of his enemies, to discover if there be not some foundation of truth in them, and having so done, he arrives at the conclusion that never statesman more upright, never patriot purer, fell a victim to the fury of party rage, or the machinations of unprincipled ambition."*

The tragedy moved on to its completion. Barneveldt, though not a partisan, was the most illustrious representative of the Arminian doctrines of comprehension and toleration, and therefore the first mark of the Calvinist rage. But Episcopius and his brethren soon learned the mean-

* Davies, II. 519.

ing of the threat of Bogerman, — “ The Synod knows how to punish you.” In flagrant violation of their safe-conduct, they were held under arrest until the States-General should bring their usurped and despotic power to bear upon them. Two alternatives were presented them, to abstain from preaching, or to leave the country. They must choose between silence and banishment, and with one exception they nobly chose the latter. No time was allowed them to settle their affairs, or to bid their families farewell. They were brought to the Hague, and thence transported beyond the Rhine to Waalwyk, a town in the Catholic Netherlands. The parting scene at the Hague was extremely touching. Multitudes assembled to look upon the men who had defended before the inquisitors at Dort the expiring liberties of Holland. Veterans were there, seamed with the scars which they had received in battling for the freedom of thought and opinion now struck down in the persons of those brave and suffering men; and the exiles looked their last on their native land amid the tears and the blessings which were some solace to them in their misfortunes. Large numbers followed them, even as far as Waalwyk, to administer consolation and sweeten the bitterness of the bread of exile; and they observed that they did not know how many friends they had, till they had been drawn around them by the rough hand of adversity.

Then followed events which were only acting over again, under Calvinism, the same scenes which, under the different name of Catholicism, had worried and distracted the Netherlands. The acts of the Synod were pressed down upon the people by the States-General, even as the canons of the Council of Trent had been enforced by Philip and his Inquisitors. The Arminian clergy were deposed from their offices and deprived of their benefices, and compelled to choose between silence and banishment. Two hundred were thus excluded, and eighty of them hunted into exile. The Arminian assemblies were prohibited, under severe and ruinous penalties. Five hundred guilders were offered as a reward to any one who should arrest an Arminian minister, and three hundred for a student in theology. Contumacious ministers and students were condemned to perpetual imprisonment, or to *more severe punishment*, if the case required;

and whoever "harbored or concealed" them was amerced in a fine of three hundred guilders. To be present in an Arminian assembly, to furnish a place for worship, to fill the office of deacon or elder, were each made criminal, and subject to heavy pains and penalties.

In vain have these acts been excused by the plea of "the spirit of the age." Holland had just emerged from a revolution the moving principle of which was the inalienable right of man to worship God unmolested by the civil power. The constitution of Holland, under the pure and resplendent genius of Barneveldt, was an achievement of the same glorious principle. Jews and Anabaptists were secure under it, at the very moment when the wild beasts of persecution were let loose on the Arminians. The Calvinists claimed that the Arminians were an exception, since they were innovators and disturbers, seeking to effect a change in the Church as established, whereas the others had begun and continued with the Reformation. They did not see how self-destructive was the argument, since Calvinism was but a recent innovation on Catholicism.

The Arminians did not cease from their assemblies, but withdrew to the wilderness and the desert, and there lifted up their low song to the naked sky. Or they assembled in houses that stood in lonely places outside the city gates, sometimes under the shadows of the evening. But the dogs of persecution were always on the scent. Soldiers from the garrisons were sent out by the magistrates to scour the country. They broke in on the defenceless worshippers, who were sometimes massacred while the prayer or the song was trembling on their lips, or otherwise dragged to prison and to exile. The schout or the bailiff who was suspected of mercy towards an Arminian was turned out, and a substitute put in his place who should take care to give full proof of his bulldog propensities. Sometimes, returning from the woods and fields, where, under the friendly and watching stars, they had breathed out with tremulous tones their hymn of praise, they would find, on coming to the town, that the gates were shut and the watch-dogs ready to take them to prison, while the servants or the little ones whom they had left at home looked and waited in vain for their return. "Were it not," says an historian, "for the change

of names, we might imagine ourselves to have turned some pages back, and to be reading again the penal edicts of Charles and Philip." Many of the Arminians, in fact, left Holland and retired to the Catholic Netherlands; thus, by a singular reverse of circumstances, finding protection under Catholicism from the intolerable cruelties of Calvinism. The threat of Bogerman was thoroughly executed, and the yoke of oppression was pressed down without mercy, wherever a remnant of Arminianism could be found in the Protestant Netherlands.

There were two distinguished prisoners remaining to be disposed of after the death of Barneveldt, — Grotius and Hoogerbeets. Their pretended crimes were the same as those of Barneveldt; and before the execution of the latter, Grotius was plied with alternate threats and promises to make him testify against the venerable prisoner. The dead body of Ledemberg was hung up before his prison to terrify him, but in vain. Not a word would he utter, under threat of torture, death, or promise of reward, against the beloved father of his country. His wife was solicited by his friends to intercede for his pardon. "No," said she, with Roman resolution, "if he is guilty, let them strike off his head." She knew he was not guilty.

After the death of Barneveldt, Grotius was sentenced to imprisonment for life. It had been found that Arminian ministers who were immured in dungeons often found means of escape through the secret assistance of friends; and, to guard against such a contingency, the strong fortress of Louvestein had been selected as a place of safe-keeping for the new heretics. It stood on the Meuse, where its waters divided the Protestant from the Catholic Netherlands. Into this Grotius was finally removed, but his heroic wife was permitted to share his imprisonment. It is said that Grotius proffered his private services to Maurice as a condition of his liberation, and that they were refused, — the only instance of unmanly compliance in his life of romantic peril. There, in the solitudes of his prison, he gave up his mind to soothing studies and meditations, and employed himself on his two celebrated works, — the "Commentaries on the New Testament," and "The Truth of the Christian

Religion." He was allowed the use of books, which were brought into his room in chests from a library in the castle. The hours rolled less heavily on, the angry commotions of the world were for a while forgotten, but still the wife perceived that the confinement was wearing away the life of the prisoner. Her wit, quickened by affection, devised a plan of escape. She took one of the chests in which books had been brought in, about four feet in length, and told her husband to get into it. He got in. She drew the curtains of the bed, and hung his ordinary clothes upon the chair. She then sent for two soldiers, and, pointing to the chest, said to them, "Take away those books. My husband reads Arminian works too much, and he is sick abed already with his studies."

They took up the chest, one of them exclaiming: "What makes it so heavy? Is there an Arminian in it?"

"No," said she, "nothing but Arminian books."

Her servant-girl had been let into the secret of her plan, and went out to take charge of the chest; and ere-long the chest with the Arminian in it was floating over the Meuse on a skipper's boat towards the Catholic Netherlands. He escaped to Waalwyk, whence he went to France, the government of which was glad to employ in its service those transcendent talents of which an ungrateful country had shown itself so utterly unworthy. The faithful wife was kept in prison for a fortnight, and then suffered to go in peace. Hoogerbeets was released after a long imprisonment, but died soon after his prison-doors were opened.

It would be exceedingly interesting to follow the course of these events somewhat further, and point the lesson which sober history educes from them. We should see how impotent is religious intolerance to secure its end, and how the principles of this army of martyrs triumphed at length, and partly through their defeat and sufferings. Arminianism, though crushed down in Holland, manifested a wonderfully elastic power in diffusing itself through the churches and through the world. It went to England, where it got securely lodged within the Thirty-nine Articles, and became dominant over the theology of the English Church. The mind of

John Wesley got thoroughly imbued with it, and through him it was the very soul of Methodism, entered the minds of the great religious masses both in England and America, and became the theology of the millions. It returned to Holland after its years of exile and persecution, and established its churches and theological schools; and though its immediate converts were not numerous, its silent influence was steady and progressive in blunting the five thorny points of Calvinism. The controversy crossed the Atlantic into New England; and, at the end of one hundred years of antagonism and warfare, it has succeeded in filing away from Calvinism its old peculiarities, — so that the Calvinism of the nineteenth century looks very much like the Arminianism which Arminius himself inaugurated in the University of Leyden.

E. H. S.

ART. II. — INDIAN TRIBES OF NEW ENGLAND.*

THE ABENAQUES — consisting of the *Sokokis*, whose domains were on the waters of the Saco; the *Anasagunticooks*, who lived on the Androscoggin and in its neighborhood; the *Norridgewocks*, who were lords of the Upper Kennebec and its upper tributaries; and the *Wawenocks*, whose homes were on the St. George's and the sea-shore near its mouth — have all disappeared. In a word, of all the Indian nations that once roamed the territory of Maine, the Passamaquoddys, or *Openangos*, and the Penobscots, or *Terratines*,† two of the ETCHEMIN tribes, alone remain;‡ and these two, small and

* *Annual Reports of the Select Committee of the Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians and Others in North America.* Presented November 7th, 1850, and November 6th, 1851. Boston: John Wilson and Son.

† The old writers spell this name *Tarrateens*, — *Terratines*, — *Tarrentines*.

‡ The renowned John Smith, who came to Maine in 1614, after speaking of the Terentines, gives the following barbarous names to other native tribes: *Segotago*, *Pawhantanuck*, *Pocopassum*, *Taughtanakagnet*, *Wabigganus*, *Nassaque*, *Masherosqueck*, *Waurigwick*, *Moshoguen*, *Waccogo*, *Paswarenack*, &c. And he remarks that they were in alliance with the countries of *Aucocisco*, *Accomin-*

feeble as they are, comprise, we suppose, nearly one half of the entire Indian population of New England. Four years ago we gave our readers some account of the Passamaquoddys.* We purpose now to redeem a promise then made to speak of the Penobscots, who, it will be found, possess much more intelligence, industry, and property than their kinsmen on the St. Croix.

The Reports whose titles we have given, may be regarded as commending our theme to us. In the earliest mention of the Penobscots, we find them involved in war with the nearest tribe on the west, and called the Wawenocks, who, utterly defeated, and subsequently distracted by the contentions among their chiefs, and wasted by pestilence, soon became extinct. Under date of 1631, we read in Winthrop of an expedition of one hundred of our warriors against the Indians in Massachusetts, who, to trust another writer, having suffered from previous incursions of their distant foe, were glad that the English had come to occupy the country, because, among other things, they would overawe the Penobscots, whom they feared so much as never to camp or sleep twice in the same place. There is little else of a hostile nature to record until about 1669, when, according to tradition, conclusions were tried with the Mohawks, who overcame them, pursued them to their homes, and plundered and burned their village. Whatever the precise fact, it is true beyond all question that something at some time occurred between these tribes of deep mortification to the Penobscots, for, to this day, nothing annoys them more than to utter the word "Mohawk."

It is not possible to state the number of the Penobscots when first known to the English voyagers, but that they were among the most warlike and powerful nations of the East is certain; and to reject the conjectures of the old writers, who, we think, generally exaggerate in their estimates of Indian strength, we may fix upon twenty-four hundred men, women, and children as a

ticus, Passataquak, Augawoam, and Naemkeek, and that "all these, for anything I could perceive, differ little in language or any thing, though most of them be Sagamos, and Lords of themselves. Yet they hold the Bashabes of Penobscot the chiefe and greatest amongst them.

* Christian Examiner for January, 1852, p. 96.

very moderate computation.* From the time of "King William's war," their decline was rapid. Early in the last century, for causes which will appear in the course of this paper, they had become broken, dispirited, and even dispersed among their brethren on the St. Lawrence. In 1754, they were reduced to about eight hundred; and six years later, their sachems related that war, rum, famine, and disease had left but the miserable wreck of seventy-three warriors, and some four hundred others.

In 1764, the Governor of Massachusetts appears to have adopted this statement of the chiefs as true, for in an official communication he sets the fighting men at a little more than sixty. But we incline to believe that Sir Francis Bernard was misinformed by the head men of the tribe, — who had strong motives to convince him that their power was utterly wasted in the wars in which they had been engaged, and that, had they the will, they were destitute of the ability to do the English settlers further harm, — for an old Indian trader, who could call every hunter by name, estimated the nation at quite seven hundred; and besides, there is good authority for the opinion, that, only eleven years after (1775), had the Whigs concluded an arrangement on the terms proposed to them by the chiefs, two hundred Penobscot warriors, at the least, would have enlisted in the war of the Revolution. Yet they were a weak and decaying people until the close of the century; when, probably, their whole number did not exceed three hundred and fifty. Indeed, at that juncture, the fear of total annihilation seems to have saddened their chiefs, who encouraged marriage, and the early weaning of children, and adopted various other, and every, means — the abandonment of rum excepted — to avert the threatened calamity. Whatever the cause, and untrue everywhere else, we suppose, in the United States as relates to the native tribes, the Passamaquoddys and Penobscots have actually increased within the last fifty years. The latter, in 1803, by accurate enumeration, were three hundred and forty-seven; in 1820, the increase had been fifty-three; while in August, 1855, an official paper shows

* Some of the estimates are much larger, and even double.

the number of men, women, and children as four hundred and forty-three. To reject the few Canadian Frenchmen who have married in the tribe, and who are included in this census, we still have a large gain of souls during the period mentioned.

We turn to the chiefs. Madockawando demands our first notice. He was a master-spirit of his time; indeed, Philip was his only compeer in all New England. The old writers speak of him as a "diabolical miscreant"; but we dare to record, that, according to the light that shone upon him, he was a Christian. Stern necessity alone compelled him to consent to war; and to give his counsels and decisions the more weight, he spoke to his warriors of visions and revelations from the unseen world. In battle he was terrible; but to his captives he was humane, and in arranging terms of ransom, liberal to a degree to command our admiration. When he visited Boston, he was an object of universal attraction, and the recipient of every attention and courtesy; and the court of France propitiated his influence by rich and frequent presents. With his death, in 1698, commenced the decline of his people.

Of Mugg, or Mogg, the emissary, or (to quote the chronicler's title) the "prime minister" of Madockawando, the accounts are incidental and fragmentary. Possibly he was a Norridgewock. That he was cunning beyond all others, unprincipled, reckless, and, when his own interest was concerned, faithless, appears certain. But he had lived among the English, was well acquainted with their language and habits, and, with Madockawando's watchful eye upon him, could be safely employed to negotiate with the government of Massachusetts, as he was, at Boston and elsewhere, covenanting on one occasion to place himself and his life in the keeping of that colony, until certain "captives, goods, and vessels shall be delivered up." Mugg, in 1676, negotiated on the part of the Penobscots the first treaty ever made between Massachusetts and the Indians in Maine. He was killed in battle, the following year.

The two Castines, father and son, belong to the days of Madockawando, Mugg, and Wenamovet, and should have a place here. The first was a French noble, and a man of fortune. The motives which induced him to

live among the Penobscots are involved in mystery. It is known that he was employed in the military service of his country, that he came to Canada with his regiment about the year 1665, and that at the treaty of Breda he adopted Indian life, and in the course of events became a leading counsellor both in peace and in war. During his abode at the place which, to the disquiet of some, bears his name,* he married a daughter of Madockawando, reared a family, and acquired in trade a large property.† It is written of him by a Governor of Massachusetts, that he was "the most dangerous enemy that New England had seen," and by others that he bore mortal hatred to the English, and encouraged strife; but we have searched in vain for evidence to sustain these and similar charges. A gentleman by birth and association, well educated, and tolerant towards Protestants as he certainly was, the fact that he took side with his countrymen and with the kinsmen of his wife, and led their forces in their wars with the English, affords no proof on which to found the grave accusations that are made against him. And besides, it was for his interest as a merchant to be at peace, since, as we shall see, war ruined his business with the Indians, and exposed his dwelling and warehouses to plunder. The objects of self-banishment attained, or its causes having ceased to exist, the Baron Castine returned to France near the opening of the last century.

Concerning the younger Castine, who succeeded to his father's position in affairs, there is no considerable difference of opinion. It is agreed that his nature was noble, his temper mild, his love of peace intense, and that, without a shade of religious bigotry or savage ferocity under the most trying circumstances, his whole character was singularly worthy of praise. "My mother's people," he sadly said on one occasion, "will waste away, and there is no need of wars to accelerate their doom; and why should men kill one another?"

Seized by official pirates — for they were no better —

* The Indian *Bagaduce*, on the eastern bank of the Penobscot, at its mouth.

† Stated at 300,000 crowns.

and borne a prisoner to Boston, and arraigned at the bar, he answered his accusers thus: "I have always lived with my kindred and people; my mother was one of them; I had command of them; and I would not fail to attend a meeting where their interests were at stake." — "My habit, which causes so great offence, is only a uniform suited to my birth and condition; for I have the honor of being an officer under the French king."*

These two fragments show the tenderness of his feelings and the dignity of his bearing, and commend him to our respect. It has been thought that he was slain at the fall of Rasle, in 1724; but there is good reason to believe that he was then in France. The chief killed at Norridgewock, like himself, was of mixed blood, and may have been his brother; or, as some conjecture, Rasle's own son by his Indian domestic.

Wenamovet, or Wenogget, or Wenunganet, or Win-negunanet, — for these names belong to one person, — was a cousin of Madockawando, and, we conclude, his successor. He was one of the hostages under the treaty of 1693, which was signed in canoes on the water, "when the wind blew"; and a year later his signature appears as subscribing witness to a grant of land, the validity of which, forty years afterwards, was contested in the courts. We hear of him, too, at a conference at Falmouth,† well armed, and fancifully clad and decorated, attended by a band of warriors in some forty canoes; and again, with the French and Indian force at the siege of the fort at Casco, when both assault and undermining failed. As chief sachem, in 1726, he negotiated on the part of his tribe the "Dummer Treaty," which is justly celebrated in the annals of English and Indian diplomacy, as the most judicious convention ever concluded, and which was followed by a long peace. Subsequently we know little of him, except that he was in correspondence with Governor Dummer, who "condescended to answer all his letters," who took care to remind him of his engagements "to get the best intelli-

* He had been asked, "Why did you attend the conference of French and Indians at Georgetown?" and, "What means your French uniform?"

† Now Portland.

gence he could of the designs of any ill-minded Indians," and who assured him that he should be compensated for whatever damage he might sustain for his faithfulness to English interests.

Laron, though not a head chief, was one of decided weight and worth of character. We find him at Boston, in extreme old age, to negotiate a treaty, at a moment of intense excitement, and under circumstances which prove his great regard for his word; we find him at a conference elsewhere, in earnest remonstrance against the sale of rum to his people at the truck-houses; and so, too, when the affairs of the Eastern Indians were discussed with the colonial commissioners, we find him the principal speaker. But what most claims our esteem is, that the Governors of Massachusetts with whom he had official business always relied upon his integrity of purpose, and that one of them gave him a commendatory letter, "as a mark of his special respect," which the proud chief asked to return, unless it would insure him marks of attention at the English forts in Maine, as well as more substantial rewards for his public and unrequited services.

The number of head chiefs, or sachems, or "governors," for the last hundred years, is six; namely, Tomer, Osson, Orono, Aitteon, Lolan, and Aitteon. Of Tomer or Tomasus we know but the solitary fact, that, principal chief at the commencement of the last Indian war that desolated Maine, he was an advocate for peace while hope of maintaining it existed. Nor of Osson, his successor, is there much to detain us. His rule was brief; at most, perhaps, but six or eight years. He is represented as wise, cautious, and cunning. He was known as "Squire Osson," for Massachusetts conferred on him a commission of justice of the peace. The English settlers bore him entire good-will, because he never did them wrong. He died about the commencement of the Revolution, at the age, it is said, of nearly or quite one hundred years. An island in the Penobscot bears his name.

We pass from the good Osson to the good Orono, of whose lineage there are contradictory statements. One account is, that he was a white captive taken at York in 1692, when he was a boy of four years. Another

and more probable story is, that he was a grandson of the elder Castine. He himself said that his father was French, and his mother French and Indian; but of their names he made no mention. That he was of mixed blood was quite apparent. He wanted the colored skin, the high cheek-bones, and long black hair of the full Indian; and his blue eyes, brown hair, broad and full face, and complexion of almost sickly paleness, were unmistakable proofs of the European. In person, Orono was tall and erect, and in his movements graceful. He was thoughtful, taciturn, and reserved, and in these qualities was an Indian. He was a man of good sense, and penetrated the motives of those whom he met in conference and in treaty negotiations to a degree quite remarkable. He read imperfectly, and wrote his name. In his religion he was a zealous Catholic; and his honesty, temperance, and industry, his strict regard for his word, his sincerity as a friend, and his love of amity, show that his faith had a controlling influence upon his life. In the Revolution he espoused the side of the Whigs; and had the overtures which we are to notice been accepted, he would have led his followers to the field. A hunter in three different centuries, he rested in 1801, at the age of one hundred and thirteen. His wife, "Madam Orono" by courtesy, survived until 1809, and at her decease was even two years older. So remarkable a longevity in husband and wife has hardly a parallel in our annals.

Aitteon followed Orono. The memorials of him are few. He was a man of ability. Like most of his race, he was silent and grave. About the year 1811, the business of his people required his presence at Boston, and he made his passage there by water. Care probably induced insanity, and he died by his own hand.

Joseph Lolan succeeded. He was a weak and imbecile creature. His son, who possessed some ability, transacted nearly all the business of the tribe. The elder Lolan's mother was a beauty,—a circumstance which was not without influence, it is whispered, in the elevation of her mean and unworthy son to the sagamoreship, on the suicide of Aitteon.

John Aitteon, son of the first of the name, the present "Governor" (to use the modern title), was inducted into

office with great pomp, in 1816. The kindred tribes on the St. Croix and St. John were present by large delegations. The ceremonies of induction, the priest in his robes, the coats of scarlet cloth, and the rich insignia of office worn by the chiefs; the display of silver clasps and brooches, of silks and feathers, by the "squaws"; the feast, the liquor, and the dance; the roar of cannon, the shout, and the song, — were all the talk of the country fifty miles around, and are not forgotten yet.

Like Orono, Aitteon is of mixed blood. Some say that he is a descendant of the Baron Castine. His talents are barely respectable. His disposition is placable, and his person in youth was commanding and handsome. His wife confessed adultery with John Neptune, the lieutenant-governor; the two chiefs met in deadly strife with knives, each striking at the life of the other; they were parted after a fierce struggle, but years of bitter contention followed. Parties were formed in the tribe in consequence of this difficulty, which for a time threatened its very existence. The hostile governors were finally reconciled; but they were not able to restore quiet among their people. The party opposed to Neptune, finding that their kinsmen on the two rivers just mentioned would meet them in council on the subject of removing both Aitteon and Neptune from office, determined upon that measure. In 1838, twelve delegates from the river St. John, and twenty-one from the St. Croix, met at Oldtown, and proceeded to assist the Penobscots in deposing their chiefs; the one for his licentiousness, the other for forgiving the seduction of his wife.

Assembled in the "Great Wigwam," Neptune was the first to speak. His harangue was short, and in the Indian tongue. "Brothers," he commenced, "we boldly come here; we face the storm; we fear not, for our hearts are firm as rocks that never move." He then said, that, twenty-two years before, he and Aitteon were elected governors for life, according to Indian usage; and closed in these words: "Will brothers turn bears, to tear us in pieces? Come they here to dig our graves before we die? Then is our end come. Soon will white men push us all off to drown. The Great Spirit sees it. His eye is on every star. He knows all things. Yes,

he knows John Neptune has the soul of his father, never afraid. He will never turn his back to fighters, brothers or bears. *He is sachem for life!*"

Our old friend, Sabattis Neptune,* of the Passamaquoddys, rose in reply, and smote him hard. "We come here, a great way from home," he spoke, "to hear what our brothers speak of John Neptune, and his party friends. Many say, he drinks a great deal of strong water. Then his words very loud; his eyes flash fire. He love 'em best some woman kind, not his own squaw. Does he kill 'em deer, bear, raccoon, and feed 'em unlawful children he makes? Not half. Aitteon and Neptune are joined together." The vote was taken, and both chiefs were deposed. Tomer Soc Alexis was chosen governor, and Aitteon, son of John Osson (a former chief of whom we have spoken), was elected in place of Neptune. A part of the Penobscots avoided the controversy, and had no voice in the election. The enemies of Aitteon and Neptune immediately invested the new chiefs with the emblems of office, in the usual manner, and the spectators dispersed. But the Indian delegates from the Eastern tribes lingered, to the great displeasure of the defeated party, for several days. The flags of the victors and the vanquished were kept flying. Much asperity of feeling was evinced on all sides, and there was reason to apprehend that the affair would terminate in blood. The Governor of Maine accordingly interfered by letter, and the delegates soon after departed to their homes. In consequence of these proceedings, the Legislature of Maine passed an act in 1839, by which the male Indians of the tribe, of lawful age, were authorized, upon certain conditions, to elect a governor and lieutenant-governor, to serve two years and until successors were chosen. For some time, therefore, elections were attempted; but, as it often happens among ourselves, the minority were dissatisfied, and claimed to have their way after defeat, and so the "white man's election" was abandoned. After a long "gubbenur" quarrel, it has been at last settled, that, though John Aitteon and John Neptune were removed, as above related, both shall remain in office during life, and that

* See Christian Examiner, Vol. XVII. p. 116.

at their decease the governor and lieutenant-governor shall be elected annually. Aitteon, we may add, numbers seventy-five years; his sinning wife is dead, and he is a widower.

Of Neptune, much already appears. He is a full-blood. As we remember him in our boyhood, he was one of the handsomest and stateliest looking red-men we ever saw. With the weight of eighty-seven years upon him, he is still noticeable for his good person and dignified air. In middle life, his understanding, intelligence, and sagacity were equal to the performance of almost any service. He felt his superiority, and obstinately held to his own opinions in matters of interest to the tribe, and thus made many enemies. At that period, too, he was intemperate, and his official conduct was, as is alleged, often absolutely wicked. Nor should we omit to say, that the accusations of incontinence are true, and that he has been one of the most licentious Indians of whom there is any account. In his lust, in the number of his victims and illegitimate children, the chronicle is as kingly as in the case of his "brother," Charles the Second of England. Neptune, old as he is, has lately had great success as a hunter. He married his present wife after he had numbered fourscore years. His portrait by Hardy will perpetuate his features. These notices of the head men of the tribe, past and present, will serve our purpose.

In religion, the Penobscots are Catholic. They and their kinsmen, the Passamaquoddys, were the earliest converts made by the Jesuits in the United States east of the Mississippi. It was the boast of the French at the close of the seventeenth century, that they had established a line of communication between Maine and the Gulf of Mexico, and that they claimed possession of the interior from one extremity to the other, because the Jesuits had carved lilies on the trees, and erected crosses on the banks of the streams, as emblems of their rights and proofs of their occupation. The country between the rivers Penobscot and St. Croix was their first mission ground. The fathers Biard and Masse were there as early as 1609. That they came to Maine from Nova Scotia, constructed and fortified a house, and planted a garden, and continued their labors for four

years ; that the former is said to have performed a miracle in healing a sick Indian child, and was taken prisoner and carried to Virginia, and thence to England ; and that two pious Frenchwomen, Mesdames de Guercheville and Deville, were connected with, and perhaps founded, the mission, — are the most noticeable incidents for our rapid record. In 1613, the post was abandoned, and not again occupied, we suppose, for upwards of twenty years. After D'Aulney, who was a religious zealot, established himself on the eastern bank of the Penobscot at its mouth, his fortress was constantly resorted to by the Jesuit missionaries who were in that region, and before the middle of the century the conversion of the tribe was complete. Previously, and while in a state of nature, writes an old chronicler, "they dyed patiently, both men and women, not knowing of a hell to scare them, nor a conscience to terrifie them."

While circumstances render it probable that the Penobscots were seldom without religious teachers from the time of D'Aulney, we have no certain knowledge on the subject until we meet the names of the Fathers Vincent Bigot and Thury. The latter counselled war, retaliation for injuries, and his general course is to be rebuked as sadly at variance with the faith which he professed. Bigot, it is related, was a French noble. He was a man of decision and energy, and his flock loved him. He was once driven from his post in consequence of a difficulty with some fishermen ; and, involved a second time in the territorial disputes to which we shall refer in another place, he formed the design of withdrawing with his people to lands within the acknowledged limits of New France. We hear of Bigot and Thury among the Penobscots as late as the year 1693.

The names of the Father Le Masse, of De la Chasse, and of Lauverjat, occur in the first quarter of the last century, at which period service was performed in a new church. But the influence of the Jesuits was at an end. Their "whole religion" was pronounced "the most explicit sort of devil-worship," and the measures of Massachusetts to introduce Protestant worship, with the death of Rasle, one of the ablest of their order, completed their discomfiture. We may commend some of them for their assiduous labors, and kindness and purity of life ; and

all, that, used to the ceremonials of their communion in the gorgeous churches of France, they were content to minister in chapels of logs adorned by Indian women, to live in rude cabins of bark, to sleep on skins spread on the earth, and to eat from dishes of wood the unseasoned flesh of wild beasts, reeking with the filth of Indian cookery. From the fall of the Jesuits, there is nothing to detain us — to rely upon our limited researches — until we reach the Revolutionary era, when the Father la Juniper Barthuaine, a friend to the Whig cause, and a recipient of Whig bounty, was the Catholic missionary, and a devoted and useful one. The next was Francis Anthony Matignon, who, compelled by the Revolution in France to fly, came to Boston in 1792; and who, gentle, courteous, learned, and eloquent, was an instrument of great good and an object of universal respect.

The late Cardinal Cheverus, of blessed memory in both hemispheres, and James R. Romaine, of happy recollection also, were the immediate successors of Dr. Matignon; but for a notice of them we must refer our readers to the article * on the Passamaquoddys, between whom and the Penobscots they divided their valuable, even inestimable, labors. Dennis Ryan, a native of Ireland, who was ordained by Cheverus in 1818, followed; but we have no reliable information as to the period or nature of his pastoral relations. The last resident clergyman was Father Bapst, (to spell the name as the Indians pronounce it,) of French birth, who was respected for his general character. At our recent visit, (1855,) we were told that religious worship was occasional, and performed by a priest who came from some other Catholic society in Maine, or Massachusetts. In concluding the topic, we may add, that the church is a small, low, dilapidated-looking building, with porch, cupola, and bell; that the parsonage, uninviting also, is connected with it; and that in front of it is a cross bearing the motto, "Rogo ut omnes unum sint."

A word now upon the accusations against the Catholic missionaries. Our documents and books of history abound in charges of the most serious character. But

* See *Christian Examiner*, Vol. XVII. p. 108.

some of them, we feel assured, are as little to be believed as the account of an old voyager to Maine, who saw barley turn into oats, and frogs a foot high. Be it, however, that the violation of treaties and incentives to war were taught in the chapel in hours allotted to devotion; that the Penobscots, ere they embarked in their canoes on deeds of blood, were absolved and purified at the confessional; that one "holy father" personally appeared in battle, and another told his flock that Mary was a Frenchwoman, and that her Son was murdered by the English;—be it that "the French Papists" instilled poisons which made the Indians "raging devils"; that the very crosses and altars were decorated with war-clubs, tomahawks, and bows and arrows; that from first to last, the paramount object was to increase French, and to lessen English, interests, rather than to promote the spiritual and moral good of the natives;—be all this true; and be it true, also, that Thury's address was uttered just as it has come down to us, and that the missionaries who preceded and succeeded him, one and all, breathed the same sentiment,*—what then? Did no words of bitter denunciation, and of blasphemous imprecation, fall from the lips of Protestant clergymen? Was the injunction to pray *for*, not *against*, our enemies, observed by the minister of Boston, who said of the Indians slain in a battle, that hundreds "of these barbarians were dismissed from a world that was burdened with them"; of others, who perished on shipboard as prisoners, that "it was the quickest way" to dispose of them, "to feed the fishes with 'em"; of still others, who fell on the field, that "many scores were sacrificed unto divine vengeance." So again, if the "rattle-snakes" (then at

* "My children!" said Thury, "when shall the rapacity of the unsparing New-Englanders cease to afflict you? and how long will you suffer your lands to be violated by encroaching heretics? By the religion I have taught, by the liberty you love, I exhort you to resist them. It is time for you to open your eyes, which have long been shut; to rise from your mats, and look to your arms, and make them once more bright. This land belonged to your fathers, long before these wicked men came over the great water, and are you ready to leave the bones of your ancestors, that the cattle of the heretics may eat grass on their graves? My children! God commands you to shake sleep from your eyes. The hatchet must be cleaned of its rust to avenge Him of his enemies, and to secure to you your rights. Night and day a continual prayer shall ascend to Him for your success; an unceasing rosary shall be observed, until you return covered with the glory of triumph."

peace) "should move again," it "would be the most unexceptionable piece of justice in the world to extinguish them."* And yet again, we have from clerical lips, as applied to the Penobscots and other tribes in Maine, these *choice* specimens of ministerial decorum and propriety of speech,—we use the exact words:—the "devils in flesh,"—the "dying beast,"—the "rapacious wolves," and the "worse than Scythian wolves,"—the "serpents retired to their holes,"—the "wild beasts of the East,"—the "dragons of the desert,"—and the "crew of dragons." And worse than all, it was a Protestant minister of Massachusetts who spoke of "twenty-two Indians slain" and "gone to hell in one day," and of one Indian's "cursed soul" sent "amongst the devils and blasphemers in hell for ever."

While such evidence as this exists in our documents, let us be dumb about Thury and his associates. In the long struggle between France and England for the mastery of the territory occupied by the Penobscots and the tribes east of them, the doctrine of human brotherhood, as enunciated by Paul on Mars Hill, was forgotten by many, and by Protestants as utterly and as often as by Catholics. Nor, to be just, should it be concealed, that, in the troubles between the missionaries and the English, the latter were the original aggressors, since, before an Englishman had a home north of Virginia, and after France had appropriated the soil of Maine according to the rules adopted by the nations of Europe, the mission of Biard and Masse to the Penobscots was broken up, one of the Jesuit fathers killed, and others attached to the post were wounded, plundered, or made prisoners. So too the missionaries should have the benefit of the Narrative of John Gyles, who in early life was captured by the Penobscots, and who relates acts of torture, on the part of some of his captors, which make the heart ache; but yet, and though he confesses that he "hated the sight of a Jesuit," is singularly silent, in a captivity of nearly nine years, as to any instructions from the priests to the Indians to commit hostile deeds,

* How unlike to the good pastor Robinson, who, in Holland, hearing of the feats of that renowned Indian-killer, Miles Standish, exclaimed: "O that you had converted some, before you killed any!"

or to perform a single cruel or immoral act; and since Gyles became a man of consideration, and served Massachusetts almost forty years and under eight administrations, we are to conclude that he may be safely trusted as a witness. Nor should we fail to cite, in justice to another class of the Boston clergy, and in reply to the denunciatory tone of the ministers whose language we have quoted, the testimony of one of their contemporaries, Dr. Colman, first pastor of the Brattle Street Church, who, after an examination of Governor Dummer's papers connected with the negotiation with Wenamovet, head chief of the Penobscots, not only spoke of red-men as members of the human family, but even said that they possessed "souls sensible of true greatness and honor, goodness and justice."

The history of the Indians in Maine, for nearly a century, contains little else than an account of hostile deeds, and the causes which led to them. In the wars against the English, the Penobscots were always a party, and, in most of them, the master-spirits of the whole East. The general, as well as the special, reasons for the frequent ruptures, may now engage our attention. Of the former, several exerted an influence, from the first war in 1675 to the final peace in 1760. Among these, geographical position obviously is not to be overlooked, if, indeed, it does not claim the principal place in our rapid narrative.

Never were a people more unfortunately situated than those of whom we write, as our readers, with a map before them, will readily admit. The struggle for the mastery of the country which they owned, by the two European powers that sought dominion here, was incessant for generations. Before Boston was five years old, the territory between the Piscataqua and the Penobscot rivers had all been granted away by the English patentees who claimed it, in tracts of various extent, and of loose, and often of imaginary boundaries. In twenty years more, the soil from the last-named river easterly to the St. Croix was in possession of France; and that power, under the treaty of Breda, in 1667, claimed westerly to the Penobscot by absolute cession. In another twenty years, the whole matter was reversed; for England insisted upon dominion easterly to the St.

Croix; and in 1691, in the second charter to Massachusetts, placed the disputed country under her jurisdiction. Next came the pretensions of France westerly to the Kennebec; after which, and to conclude the contest, the meditated compromise at the river St. George's. It was thought, that, by the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, England had dispossessed her rival of the whole of the territory in dispute; but it was not until the middle of the century that France abandoned her claim to it. Thus, then, five of the six Indian wars occurred during these territorial conflicts, and it was hardly possible that our tribe could help becoming involved in some way with one party or the other. That their sympathies were with the French is well known, and by no means strange. The Jesuits converted them to the Catholic faith; and Frenchmen not only accommodated themselves to their habits, but so often married among them, that Gallic blood is traced and boasted of, even to the present hour. But since one of their own chiefs has summed up their reasons in fewer words than we can do, we cite them. "Frenchmen," he spoke, "never get away our lands. They give us down weight, full measure. They open our eyes to religion. Englishmen rob us. They put flowing cup to our mouths. They shed our blood. Fight Englishmen; they shall die. This land, this river, is ours. Hunt Englishmen all off the ground. Then shall Indians be free."

If the geographical position of the Penobscots was unfortunate, so had they also to deplore the evils which resulted from the character of the English, with whom they principally mingled. The men and women of Maine are now polished and virtuous, and are comfortable in their homes; but at the period of which we speak, it was sadly otherwise, in these and in other particulars. In an official report to the third of the Stuart kings, we find that the inhabitants east of Portland are described as "for the most part fishermen, who never had any government among them," as persons who had "fled from other places to avoid justice," and who entertained "the opinion, that as many men may share in a woman as they doe in a boat." Gyles, whose Narrative relates to the same and to a later day, observes of the people around Pemaquid, (now Bristol,)

that they had "long lived lawless"; and the pastor of the North Church, Boston, so often to be named in this article, owns and complains that the "greatest part" of the English settlers in Maine had become "too like the Indians among whom they lived," and "rather taught these Pagans" to be vicious, than instructed them in religion, as they should have done. In truth, as late as the Revolutionary era, the change was not sensibly for the better. An Episcopal missionary of character, who commenced his labors in 1760, on a tributary of the Kennebec, affords us outlines for a picture in his neighborhood, and easterly to the most distant English settlement. The majority, as he relates, were extremely poor and ignorant, and without religious instruction; and abandoned themselves to disorder, to profaneness, and to general vice. Many suffered for necessary food and clothing; many lived in miserable huts without chimneys, and had no beds other than heaps of straw; whole families lived on potatoes roasted in the ashes; persons who could read and write were rare; and multitudes of children went barefoot and half-clad, even in winter. It is historically true, we believe, that outlaws and "squatters," such as roamed Maine at this juncture, have always stirred up strife, and finally involved the communities of which they were originally members, and to which, in the apprehension of the natives, they still belonged.

We fear, too, that persons in commission in the civil line, at the forts, and in government vessels, acquired much of the tone and temper of the settlers around them, since we find that one Penobscot chief was slain without cause, when on a mission to effect an exchange of prisoners; that another was murdered while communicating with a post under a flag of truce; that a third was decoyed on shipboard, and treated with great indignity, by the display of the same sacred emblem of amity; and that a military leader burned their lower village, which was near the site of Bangor, after they had made proposals of peace. Nor is this all; for there is record of dishonest and ignorant interpreters at the "talks" or conferences; of incompetent and ill-disposed commissioners, who stated their terms in vague language, or disposed of the business with which they were entrusted.

ed in hot haste, and before the chiefs could understand what was required of them; and so again, in one negotiation, we ascertain that a chief who went to a place designated was forcibly carried to Boston, there to submit, while yet a prisoner, to such terms as should be dictated to him by the government. In concluding the topic, it is humiliating to write, that, for the murders to which we here refer, for others far more horrible to be related hereafter, and for still others of which we take no note, no Anglo-Saxon was ever punished as the laws required. In fact, it was publicly declared and everywhere said in Maine, that no white man had been, or would be, convicted of killing an Indian.

The fact that persons of our race have always escaped the extreme penalty of the law, has come down to them with all the exaggerations usual in tradition, and rankles as deeply now as it ever did. In 1817, Peol Susup was tried for his life at Castine, for the murder of William Knight* at Bangor, the previous year; and John Neptune, the present lieutenant-governor, after the verdict of manslaughter, in a thronged assembly of citizens, of his own tribe, and of delegates from the St. Croix and the St. John, addressed the Judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts in mitigation of sentence. His bearing was calm and dignified, and he was listened to with profound attention. "You know," he spoke, "your people do my Indians great deal of wrong. They abuse them very much: yes, *they murder them; then they walk right off,—nobody touches them*";—meaning, of course, that white men were never so much as arrested;—and "this," he added, "make my heart burn." The same thing is repeated in conversation at this hour. Nor can a Penobscot be made to understand that the

* The death of Knight is well remembered. The first elephant ever upon the Penobscot was to have been exhibited at his house the day after he was slain, and the writer and his school-fellows were all on tiptoe to see this wondrous animal. Disappointed by the tragedy at Bangor, most of us determined to gratify our curiosity by a tramp on foot of fourteen miles to a town down the river, and did so. The writer subsequently saw Peol Susup in prison, and after a lapse of nearly forty years recalls his face, bleached almost to whiteness, his long black hair tangled and knotted, his glaring eyes deeply sunken, his hurried paces across his cell, his coming to and retreating from the grate, and his moan like a child, and his shout like a madman. It was the first visit to a jail, and the scene will never be effaced. Susup is dead, and his widow is the present wife of Governor Neptune.

story transmitted by his fathers is untrue in any particular.

The frauds at the truck or trading houses was another fruitful source of irritation and discontent. Massachusetts endeavored to regulate the traffic at these establishments by law, but failed. The legislation under the first charter, and for a period of forty-four years, is curious. The earliest regulation authorized the Council to farm out the Indian trade for a consideration, to be paid into the treasury; the next, confined it to persons who lived within the jurisdiction; the third, granted it in monopoly to a company, which was to pay, for public use, one twentieth part of the furs which were purchased; another, ordained certain rules for its management for a term of ten years; the fifth, to retaliate upon the Dutch and French, prohibited it to the people of these flags, on pain of confiscation of the property found in their possession; the sixth, because of the sale of guns, liquors, and ammunition, limited it to persons whose names were designated in the act; and yet another, farmed it out a second time; while, by the provisions of the eighth, none were allowed to engage in it without license, and without contributions to the treasury; and the last, abolished it everywhere, and to everybody. It was at the time of this latter act (1676) that Randolph, in his Narrative to the Privy Council of England, spoke in great bitterness of the general course of the "Bostoneers,"* and accused the "magistrates," for their "profit and lucre and gain," of provoking the Indians to hostile deeds. It was at this time, also, that we meet the well-known saying, that, "in the purchase of beaver, the white man's hand weighs a pound"; while, in a letter from a man of character, we read that few persons who "traded much" with the natives were "innocent of cheating." That the gains of some of the traders were enormous, there is, indeed, the most reliable evidence. Even Cotton Mather, whose heart was steeled against the red-men, says: "The beaver trade with the Indians was very scandalously managed."

Phips, the first governor of Massachusetts under the second charter, was a native of Maine, and in youth

* People of Boston.

"hunted and fished many a weary day" with the natives, who, when they heard he was "all one king," were amazed. Acquainted with their wants, he stipulated for the establishment of a truck-house at a convenient point on the coast, and, in advance, prevailed upon some of his friends to join him in providing them with the articles of which they were destitute, and which they had been unable to procure under the policy that had previously existed. But we soon hear of the frauds of private traders, and of the complaints of the Indians, that the government had failed to establish and to regulate truck-houses. Nor was it, as we are led to believe, until 1726, and the conclusion of the Dummer Treaty with the Penobscots, that the promise, repeatedly made, at Boston and elsewhere, and in both conference and treaty, steadily to maintain such houses, and to place them in the charge of men of character and probity, was ever redeemed. Governor Dummer agreed that Wenamovet's people should have ample supplies, at fair prices; and he kept his word and the faith of Massachusetts.

Thirteen years elapsed, and the tribe whose history we sketch were again clamorous on the subject of their traffic, the frauds they suffered, and the inattention to their interests, in violation of the treaty just mentioned. They obtained new promises, and occasional presents; but matters at the truck-houses grew worse and worse until 1745, when they withdrew their trade.

Four years afterward, at a conference in Boston, the chiefs of the Penobscots were not only told that fair dealing should be observed towards them, but that they should have a truck-house on their own river, under the entire control of the government. Yet the stipulation was not fulfilled, for in 1753, at a conference with the colonial commissioners on shipboard in the *St. George's*, they renewed their complaints against the truck-masters at the old establishments, at which they had continued to deal, who, they said, sold high and bought low; and the same accusation was renewed the following year. "Sartin, me know," spoke Sachem Louis, "my Indian walk Albany, and buy 'em great deal sheep." * Finally,

* Certainly, I know, my Indians trade at Albany, and buy a great deal cheaper.

in 1759, Fort Pownall* was built on the westerly bank of the Penobscot, near its mouth, and the long-promised truck-house was established at the same place. It was an important event. The frail canoe was no longer compelled to venture at sea to trade at Pemaquid, or on the St. George's, as it had done during the period embraced in our inquiries. And besides, the post was placed in command of General Jedediah Preble,† of Portland, a gentleman of high character, who, by a course of justice, won the entire confidence of the Indians that resorted to it. Of the twenty fortresses in Maine, this was the largest and strongest, and its cost was reimbursed by the crown. Certain of fair dealing, the hunters took to the forest in great numbers, and the trade in furs increased so rapidly, that in three years additional buildings were required for storehouses, and for the occupation of the persons employed in buying and selling, in packing and shipping. Indeed, Preble's administration of affairs at Fort Pownall was the palmy era in the history of the tribe every way.

Colonel Thomas Goldthwait was the second commander and truck-master; but as the Revolutionary controversy came to blows, he submitted to Gage's order to surrender the cannon, on the pretence that his stock of powder was insufficient to defend the post. The displeasure of Congress appears in various communications on the subject; while the Indians, whose trade was at an end, were highly exasperated; and the settlers and lumberers on the river meditated the seizure of his person, and summary punishment under "swamp law." Preble and another gentleman of Maine, in June, 1775, to provide for the exigency, were requested by Congress to re-open the traffic; but whatever the result, relief was only temporary, inasmuch as James Sullivan, in June of the following year, in a letter to James Warren, said the Penobscots had no truck-master, and that something should be done to relieve their wants. Jonathan Louder,

* The site is now called "Old Fort Point."

† A firm Whig of the Revolution, and a man of ability. He was chosen by the Congress of Massachusetts to command the forces, but declined on account of his age, and General Ward was elected in his place. He was the father of Edward Preble, the distinguished officer in the Navy, who conducted the war with Tripoli to an honorable issue.

however, had previously been nominated by the tribe, and in November, 1776, we find him recognized by Congress, and supplied by that body with powder and lead. As the country passed into the possession of the enemy, and as Fort Pownall was partially destroyed by Whig hands in 1779, we may conclude that the government truck-house was abandoned. These outlines show that, two intervals of a few years only excepted, the Penobscots complained of frauds and wrongs for more than a century; and it appears, from an official paper, that, for a considerable time, in addition to dishonest dealings on the part of the traders, instances occurred in which the Indians were required to sell themselves and their children to pay their debts.

Rum — a word of awful import in Indian history — is our next theme. As early as 1633 an attempt was made to restrain its use by the natives, in a law which prohibited it both by gift and sale. Yet, nine years after, it was gravely apprehended that it was not fit to deprive them of any lawful comfort which God alloweth to all men by the use of wine, and so the sale of that liquor was allowed by order of Court upon license granted.* Excess soon followed, and the only dealer in the Colony who, by law, could sell wine, was in Boston. A few years more elapsed, and the natives had become excessive drinkers of all strong liquors; and to check the evil, certain persons were authorized to sell, of whom two were in Maine. But the unlawful traffic was continued, and in 1656 agents were employed to ascertain the names of the unlicensed dealers. It would seem, however, that no success resulted, for the next year we hear of "murthers and other outrages" by the unhappy victims, and find on the statute-book an act by which all licenses were revoked, and the sale utterly prohibited, except in cases of sudden sickness or "fayntinge," or when a "phisition" prescribed a "dramm" by way of "phisicke." But rum

* Did Washington Irving have this act in mind when he wrote: "All the world knows the lamentable state in which these poor savages were found. . . . But no sooner did the benevolent inhabitants of Europe behold their sad condition, than they immediately went to work to ameliorate and improve it. They introduced among them rum, gin, brandy, and the other comforts of life; and it is astonishing to read how soon the poor savages learned to estimate these blessings."

still went to the wigwam, and in 1666 authority was given to take it by force, and to imprison the Indians who refused to confess of whom it was obtained. In seven years more came a law to fine the sellers, and to whip at discretion such of them as were delinquents in money. Gookin, who wrote at this juncture, admits that the "English in New England had great cause to be greatly humbled before God, that they have been and are instrumental to commit this great evil and beastly sin of drunkenness"; while an official of the crown includes rum and its consequences in his list of causes of the first war with the Penobscots and other tribes of Maine. It was at the same time that Madockawando's confederate, the able, proud head-chief of the Anasagunticooks, conscience-stricken, affected to believe that his Great Father had appeared to him, and commanded him to leave off drinking the "fire-water." In a word, in 1675, as the sale of rum had become a scandal even at the truck-houses, these establishments were abolished, much to the displeasure of the natives, who depended upon them for the sale of furs and the purchase of articles of necessity. Nor were the French behind the English, since, prior to the year last named, the Bishop of Canada had obtained a royal decree to suppress the destructive traffic in liquor. Previous to 1698 retribution had been fearful. The preacher of the *Boston Lecture* that year observes of the "bloody merchants" who had "debauched" the Eastern tribes "by selling of drink unto them," that "the wrath of God" had fallen upon their "persons or estates," and that the natives themselves had turned upon and slain the English. The last century opens with records which show that the appetite among the tribes in Maine was stronger than ever before; and it was remarked by a considerate man, that the apathy of the government was a reproach to religion and the country. The chiefs became alarmed; and those of the Penobscots who met Dummer at a conference, in 1726, asked that the sale in the harbors and in the taverns in town should be interdicted to their young men. One of them, the good Loran, wrote the Governor the same year: "Never let the trading-houses deal in much rum. It wastes the health of our young men. It unfits them to attend prayers. It makes them carry ill both to your

people and their own brethren. This is the mind of our chief men." In 1734 the Governor of Massachusetts was moved to say, in his speech to the General Court, that "great abuses were committed on our Indian neighbors by intoxicating them with excessive quantities of rum." Still, wicked traders, greedy of gain, mocked the executive and the legislature; and, as we ascertain from the Penobscot chief Louis, in 1751, the truck-masters, after the government trading-houses were revived, were as unscrupulous as others, and drew from him the complaint, that they sold rum to the women as well as to the men of his tribe. We have given enough of detail to prove the complicity, at times, of the authorities in apathy, in general neglect, and in permitting the sale at establishments which were of their own creation, and were subject to their entire control. Besides the moral effects of the traffic, it is no exaggeration to add, that the poor victims of "strong water" were sometimes invited to intoxication by speculators and jobbers, for the very purpose of obtaining the conveyance of lands, and who, in consideration of a supply for another "dunk,"* or a worthless trinket, procured title from the unconscious savage in the presence of witnesses, who, when occasion required, swore the matter through in the courts of law. There was this single redeeming circumstance, that the rum was sometimes too weak to "make dunk * come"; and the red-skinned wag who averred that he had himself paid a hundred pounds for the water drawn from one well, did but show, in a random way, his own excess and the fraudulent gains of the trader. As late as our own day, we recall high words in consequence of "a sheet,"† by which some thirsty Jo, or toper Tomer, was disappointed of his fuddle.

The knowledge and use of fire-arms were of sad omen. The regulations on the subject are not without interest, as showing the spirit of the times. First, there was a proclamation from England against the sale of arms to the natives; next, a colonial ordinance, that a particular Indian servant might use his "peece to shoote att fowle"; three years later, a law was enacted prohibiting the selling and giving of guns and ammunition; and in 1643

* Drunk.

† Cheat.

another law, allowing the sale of both to Indians who were friendly. Several years later, a person, whose name appears in the law, was authorized to sell a certain quantity of powder; in 1668, arms and powder and shot could be disposed of to the natives by licensed dealers, on payment of a duty into the public treasury; eight years after, the system of license was abolished, and entire prohibition enjoined; and again, in 1680, there was a further law to put an end to traffic in all kinds of arms, and to dealing in all kinds of ammunition. Neither of the acts of interdiction was worth the paper on which it was written. At the date last named, the use of the musket had been general for a generation, and the Indian hunters had become expert marksmen. We find it said in an official paper transmitted to Charles the Second, that the people of Massachusetts had contributed much to their own misfortunes by allowing the Indians to learn the use of the musket and fowling-piece, and by allowing them to be present at musters and trainings; and the writer accuses, that, by the sale of these weapons to enrich "some few," and some "church-members," vast mischief had been done also to people of the neighboring colonies. Nor was this all. The gun accelerated the red man's doom; for with it, and to show his skill, he killed the beasts of the forest in mere wantonness, and thus impaired his great resource for food and clothing; and with both the gun and the cup he was excited to deeds which were impossible while he used the bow and arrow and drank at the cool spring, and which were visited by fearful retributions. Nothing, in a word, could part the Indian from his gun; for, next to rum, it was to him the greatest invention of the white man.

The last of the general causes of war which we shall notice, relates to the encroachments upon their domain. Open what record we will, the eye meets angry disputes on this subject; and, for the most part, we are impelled to say that the Indians were in the right.

Our purpose here is not to speak of treaty cessions, in which the *form* or show of justice was observed, but of the squatters, the settlers, and the speculators, who occupied their lands and fisheries without pretence of title. These aggressions, mingled with territorial disputes with the government itself, were among the direct causes of

more than one rupture. If, at times, and under some administrations, efforts were made to redress their wrongs in this particular, executive instructions to the officials who were charged with the duty were seldom obeyed, and were sometimes as utterly disregarded as was the famous proclamation of Wilhelmus Kieft, or William the Testy, the Dutch governor of New York, against the Yankees who invaded his territories and commenced the culture of onions at Wethersfield. The territorial possessions of the Penobscots, as between them and the neighboring tribes, cannot be determined with even tolerable precision in any direction. The vague landmarks of English discoverers, and the loose descriptions of Indian traditions, are seldom sufficient to settle a geographical line or a question of jurisdiction, even on a surface of six miles square; yet these are the only guides. But as regards the Anglo-Saxons, the *claim* "for the purposes of occupancy, of fishing, and of hunting," — (to use the unrighteous term of our statesmen when treating of Indian lands,) — the *claim* to the domains from the sea-coast at Camden, and northerly to the head-waters of the Penobscot River, with its banks east and west to the sources of its tributaries, appears to have been undisputed, since — as we shall show hereafter — it was expressly and repeatedly recognized by the governments of Massachusetts and Maine, until the whole country embraced within these limits (the islands in the river above the falls at Oldtown alone excepted) passed, or was forced for ever away, without adequate compensation. Thus extensive, then, was the territory *owned* by the Penobscots two centuries ago. The English molested them on their hunting-grounds and fisheries; they built mills, and houses for choppers and sawers, at the falls of the streams; and squatters and lumberers robbed, and carelessly or wilfully fired, the forests. It was Louis, a Penobscot chief, who said, at a conference held during the disputes which terminated in the sixth war, that "God has placed us here; God gave us this land, and we will keep it. God gave us all things; he decreed this land to us; therefore, neither shall the French nor the English possess it, but we will." After the last peace, the chiefs complained as earnestly as ever before, and "uttered bold threats"; but they were powerless; by the

provisions of the treaty of 1760 they were entirely at the mercy of the government. Nor was there cessation to difficulties from this source prior to the Revolution. At the very moment, in truth, that Washington and the authorities of Massachusetts were essaying to enlist the warriors in the Whig cause, the white settlers and lumberers were accused by the chiefs of encroachments. In the difficulties with the government, when they were told that by a given treaty they had conveyed a tract of country from one described boundary to another, their manifestations of surprise were not unlike those of the savages who, as related by that veracious chronicler, Diedrich Knickerbocker, sold Manhattan; sixty guilders for as much land as a man could cover with his nether garments, with Mynheer Tenbroeck's breeches to be used in the measurement. But then "the bulbous-bottomed burgher peeled like an onion, and breeches after breeches spread forth over the land until they covered" the whole island. In answer to the arguments which a few, in every generation, have ventured to make on the subject of the territorial wrongs of the natives, it has been and still is urged, that the Indians did not need all their lands, and that in their hands they would have lain waste. This is granted. But so neither did Girard nor Astor need all *their* lands, and houses, and stocks; yet nobody, we suppose, hence concludes that the State governments under which they lived, and in whose power they were their life long, would have been justified in fixing the precise amount of property which they *did* need, and in seizing the balance, on a payment of a few bushels of corn, a quantity of ammunition and of blue cloth, annually, as long as the names of Girard or Astor should survive. As the matter seems to us, the elements of the two cases are not dissimilar. The right to property is the same in both; for we cannot consent to discuss the question as those do who want Indian lands;—namely, that the natives had a "*claim*" of use for the erection of wigwams, and to hunt and to fish; but that the fee of the soil was in a crowned Bourbon or a crowned Stuart in another hemisphere.

We part with our readers here, to resume and conclude the subject in our next number.

L. S.

ART. III. — GROTE'S HISTORY OF GREECE.*

Many readers of Mr. Grote's most learned and laborious work will rejoice to see at last the full index that points backward. We should not wonder if here and there a tired or timid student were reminded of the delight with which the soldiers of Alexander saw the conquered limit of their march eastward at the Indian river Hyphasis, † or of that with which the ten thousand retreating Greeks beheld the sea. For it is pretty thoroughly conceded that Mr. Grote's expedition, though excellent generalship, is rather a hard service. His style of narrative, in homely and semi-Grecian English, is not of a kind to relieve the tediousness or the distress of a long historic way. It is at first positively repulsive, and never becomes charming. Great fault has been found with him for this, and some sport has been made of his apparently ostentatious peculiarities. But it ought to be added, in justice, on the other hand, that he is writing for the instruction of scholars rather than for popular entertainment, and that the words which sound pedantic often convey a definiteness of meaning not to be expressed without circumlocution by any others. Such words are not very numerous, and they are soon mastered. They evidently do not spring from the desire of display, but from their familiarity to his own mind; and he uses them for the sake of their directness. Indeed, he is in the most desirable respects a pattern of simplicity. His failing is on the side of plainness. Bending to the task that engages him, he gives all his interest to the facts as they really were. He does not care for fine phrases. He neglects ornament. His language he is determined shall do nothing more than record in the clearest manner his impressions about events and men. It is true that he has few graces of composition; but then he is free from the fault of affecting any such

* 1. *The History of Greece*. BY GEORGE GROTE. Vol. XII. London. 1856. 8vo. pp. 739. New York: Harper, Brothers, & Co. 12mo. pp. 590.

2. *Grote on Alexander the Great*. London National Review for July, 1856.

3. *Alexander und Aristoteles in ihren gegenseitigen Beziehungen Nach den Quellen dargestellt*, von Dr. ROBERT GEIER. Halle. 1856. 8vo. pp. 269.

† The Sutledge, as Grote will have it; though this is disputed.

graces. Even where his style is the dullest, it is usually perspicuous, accurate, and straightforward. If he is in the habit of using a Greek term, when an English one would sometimes appear to do as well, the singularity ends there. So far is he in general from seeking unusual expressions, that he rather avoids them. He does not practise obscurities of any kind, by assuming airs of philosophy, learning, or rhetoric. He never overlays his thought so that one scarcely knows where to look for it, nor makes it so subtle that it cannot be easily seen. This is one of his distinctions, and it is no small praise.

Some have complained of him for adhering to the original names of the Grecian divinities, instead of adopting their Latin synonymes. With a few of these, indeed, the English reader has become tolerably familiar. Hermes sounds naturally enough; our own poets have introduced us to Aphrodite; and we have learned not to stumble much even at Zeus. But why speak of Poseidon and Hephæstus and Arês, instead of saying plainly Neptune and Vulcan and Mars? The answer is obvious. It is because they are the names under which alone those gods of Hellas were recognized by the Hellenic race. For popular use, their Roman substitutes are sufficient; but in a History of Greece they would not be altogether appropriate. The German scholars, even in their ordinary writings, have agreed in restoring the old, genuine nomenclature to Olympus. The English, though not hastily moved to such changes, are gradually following the example, especially in the higher walks of composition.

The mention of this point brings us to another of a similar kind, which has been the subject of some discussion. Many scholarly persons raise objection here, who entirely acquiesce in the former innovation; though it appears to us that both of the matters which are excepted to rest upon substantially the same reasons. It is Mr. Grote's rule to present the names of his historical personages in their genuine Greek shapes. Bishop Thirlwall, in his excellent History of Greece, had adopted the same before him. This rule, it must be owned, interferes with some of our classical associations, and occasionally gives the names of our old acquaintances an uncouth appearance. In a few instances it alters the

name completely ; but in far the greater number of cases it only changes the pronunciation of the same letters, or even affects nothing but the spelling. For examples in each kind, take Odysseus, Kimon, and Perdikkas. There seems to us no valid argument why any writer, especially on Grecian affairs, should array these heroes in the dress of a foreign and later language, when their own native one is at hand. In regard to the first example mentioned, because the poets of Latium called Odysseus Ulysses, — by what chance we know not, — ought we therefore, by doing likewise, to divest the title of the great Odyssey of all its meaning for English ears? In regard to the second, ought the noble son of Miltiades to remain confounded in speech with any Simon whatever? And as for the third, we can only say that something is due to consistency ; for anything else, the point is of no consequence. But it may be further objected, that Mr. Grote is not even consistent with himself in this respect. He sometimes disregards his own principle. While he writes Kimon and Korkyra, he does not write Kyros or Lakedæmon. This must be conceded. But yet it is something to have set up a just rule, if we allow this to be a just one. There should be fair allowance made for exceptions. Indeed, exceptions must be pretty frequent in a matter of this sort, the floating and varying sounds of proper nouns. We may draw an illustration of this from the way in which we ourselves deal with the names of foreign persons and places. The general direction is to give them their native letters, and, as nearly as we can, their native utterances. But there are many deviations from this in both respects. Some of these names are completely Anglicized, and others imperfectly so, — the greater part not at all. We must follow custom here, and not be too singular. One would no more omit the final letter in Paris than sound it in Bordeaux ; and he is a venturesome speaker who undertakes to pronounce Versailles as the French do. Doubtless the “great Julius” was called Kaisar by his countrymen, as well as by the Greeks ; and yet it would be too odd to write it or say it so. The ruling in such cases is very flexible, and should be treated accordingly. Topics of this kind, however, though curious and inviting, are of inferior importance, and we must leave them

behind us. Many of the learned will think, after all, that ancient English usage has sufficiently settled the matter.

The thorough scholarship and ability of Mr. Grote in all these volumes are universally acknowledged. Nothing is left unknown or doubtful for lack of research. His judgment also is penetrating. His courage in following wherever his erudition and judgment lead him is calm, but complete. He carries always with him a robust decision, which does not hesitate to contradict, or fear to offend. In those cases where he departs widely from current opinion, he not only leaves a deep impression of his sagacity, but will be likely to make his opinion a prevalent one. Take, for instance, his elaborate defence of the Sophists. We well remember the perplexity expressed by a most venerable scholar and statesman, not long since lost to his country,* that one of the most beautiful apologues of Grecian antiquity, *The Choice of Hercules*, should have proceeded from the pen of Prodicus, a Sophist. There must be some mistake, he said, about that class of men. We have allowed ourselves to imagine the satisfaction with which he would have read those pages of Grote, vindicating them, at some length, from the indiscriminating aspersions that have been cast upon their whole body. At the same time, we cannot conceal the conviction, which took possession of us at an early stage of the work and has gone on increasing to the end of it, that the author has written all the way under the strong bias of political opinion and a particular historical design. He appears to have been from the outset impelled to his task by a spirit of antagonism to the aristocratic prepossessions that are so conspicuous in Mr. Mitford's description of the Grecian commonwealths. Mr. Grote stands forth as the zealous champion of democratic liberty, and of Athens as the leading representative of that principle in the Hellenic world. We are of course in full sympathy with him in the cause which has so nobly warmed him. We always side with Athens whenever she has foes in the field. We give her our hearts as we give them to no other, whether in the days of her triumph or her distress. She is truly the eye of Greece.

* President John Quincy Adams.

We see reflected in her the glories of the whole land, whether continent or isles, — whatever makes the very soil dear to cultivated man. She is the shining capital of all the arts, and of the philosophy and eloquence and science and letters and song, that keep her language immortal. Especially do we admire her as she is set in opposition, like her own guardian Pallas Athene with her spear and her beauty, to the rude oligarchy on the other side of the gulf. Who can love Athens and Sparta too? That rival of her empire and destroyer of her greatness always rises upon us like a barbarian power, and but half respectable. Notwithstanding Thermopylæ and Platæa, a few men like Callicratidas and Brasidas, and a few brave sayings like the mother's shield speech, — "With it or on it," — we cannot bestow our affections on her. With her citizens but soldiers and machines, and her dependents cruelly oppressed, with her black broth and tyrant institutions, with her iron money and iron manners, she seems scarcely to belong to that inventive, flexible, exquisitely organized, and richly endowed race, to which the nations of the earth are so deeply indebted. When we look back to those few centuries of renown, and pronounce the name of Greece, we are thinking of little beyond that Attica, which has become a proverb to express whatever is most refined in human culture. We concede and maintain all this. No one can find fault here with Mr. Grote's enlightened preference and honorable enthusiasm.

But we nevertheless think that this ardent partiality often spreads over his pages a color of partisanship. Not that it merely brightens up a paragraph, or makes a description more glowing, — he is to be thanked when that happens, — but it is apt to affect his delineations of character, and to define the shape of his disquisitions. He cannot bear that the Athenian people — the Demos, as he and several other authors love to call them — should ever be placed in the wrong. He is on the alert at once when their collective wisdom is impeached. He can argue learnedly in behalf of their injuriousness, and prove most gravely that the ridiculous things set to their charge were no laughing matters. If Kleon had been on the Peloponnesian side, we should have had no long and elaborate vindication of him, — or rather of

the populace who made him their general, — against the gibes of any Laconian Aristophanes. The ostracism — that judgment of the potsherd, which was deliberately meant to drive only the most illustrious citizens into exile — would scarcely have met with so earnest an apologist as it has here retained, if the apology had not been intended for the Demus, rather than for a law that was against all other law, and against all honor and right. It was well for the memory of the Sophists just spoken of, though Mr. Grote has made out so good a case for them, that they hailed, for the most part, from the neighborhood of the Piræus. The Athenians condemned to death in open *dikastery*, and on the most frivolous of charges, their best man, their brave soldier, their still more intrepid counsellor, their wisest thinker, their highest moral example, — condemned him in the midst of the honors of his seventy years of an unsullied and serviceable life. And what does our author say to that? Why, truly, the old barefoot, though he had fought their battles, and brought down religion and philosophy to sit in their workshops and houses and to walk in their streets, and had turned away alone in silent disdain from their judicial baseness under the despotism of the Thirty, was, after all, a troublesome person. “He was not attached, either by sentiment or conviction, to the constitution of Athens.” He provoked the antipathies of the distinguished men by the caustic of his perpetual questions, and affronted the prejudices both of the low and high by his alleged *dæmon* and his way of treating the popular superstitions. Mr. Grote says, and reiterates the assertion, that the only wonder is that the indictment was not presented before, — that Socrates could have carried on his course so long. “There was but one city,” he declares, “in the ancient world at least, wherein he would have been allowed to prosecute it for twenty-five years with safety and impunity; and that city was Athens.” And, after a eulogy on the superior liberality of his darling metropolis, he adds: “The long toleration of Sokratês is one example of this liberality, while his trial proves little, and his execution nothing, against it.” And again: “A dissenting and free-spoken teacher, such as Sokratês was at Athens, would not have been allowed to pursue his

vocation for a week in the Platonic Republic. Plato, indeed, would not condemn him to death; but he would put him to silence, and, in case of need, send him away." All which — the worse for Plato — is likely enough to be true; though what proof of liberality it reveals is less discernible. And yet the historian is not unfriendly to the noble philosopher. On the contrary, he writes of him with admiration. He dissents altogether from the doctrine of a German named Forchhammer,* who maintained that Socrates "was most justly condemned as a heretic, a traitor, and a corrupter of youth." He praises almost entirely that illustrious life; from the first "*forward step*," which was "the *fundamental conviction* upon which all his missionary *impulse* *hinged*," to the day when his legs, galled by chains, grew numb with the poison which his Athenian judges had sent to his prison. But he cannot see that any special wrong was here committed. He even repels, with almost an air of resentment, the assertion of Diodorus, which has been generally received, that the people bitterly repented of the manner in which they had treated their immortal citizen. He "disbelieves altogether" that any such reaction took place in the popular mind; or "that the Athenian *dikasts*, who doubtless felt themselves justified, and more than justified, in condemning Sokratês, retracted that sentiment after his decease." He does not tell us how that very Prodicus, who has been mentioned above, and whose lessons were so admirable, was put to death by just such *dikasts*; or how Anaxagoras had to fly for his life from the city, where he was teaching the wisest things concerning the Deity which it had ever yet heard.

We regard this as one of those instances of special pleading, which occur here and there in these valuable volumes. It may be taken, also, as an illustration of a certain cold tone of thought, a want of sympathy and tender or fervid sentiment, almost a shade of moral and spiritual indifferentism, which shows itself in them. Both this favoritism and this defect have been charged against another historian, one of the most splendid

* "The Athenians and Socrates; or, Lawful Dealing against Revolution," — is the title of his treatise.

writers, perhaps, living or dead. An example of the favoritism may be pointed to in the exculpation of King William as to the massacre of Glencoe; and the defect has been alleged to leave still something to sigh after, in the midst of the most impressive and captivating pages that ever wanted the diviner life. In Mr. Macaulay we scarcely know what we lose, — scarcely miss anything, — so completely are we under the enchanter's power. His portraits are so vivid, his scenes so brilliant, that we come slowly, if at all, to perceive how seldom the flush of impulsive feeling, the shadowing of a mortal sadness, the dew of pitying tears, are laid upon the artist's brush. But Mr. Grote carries no such spell with him. His style being prevailingly hard and dry, he can the less afford to be called in question by the scrutiny of the impartial, or by the cravings of the higher elements of our nature. Mr. Macaulay has also been accused — with what justice may well be doubted — of blackening too pertinaciously the characters he does not affect. Mr. Grote, on the other hand, strives to whiten as much as possible the stained heroes of his story. He takes collective Athens under his particular protection. The Demus seems to be to his mind as complete a personality as Pericles or Demosthenes, — one, the grand statesman who needs no defending, and the other the grandest of orators, whom he never ceases to defend. This process, though it may be more amiable than the opposite one, is quite as likely to offend the moral taste, and to disturb the balance of historic justice. It has come to be so prevalent a practice in modern literature as to acquire a title of its own. It is called rehabilitation. How calmly and pleasantly do some writers depict the ruffians of the first French revolution, as if they were only the representatives of a principle, or the instruments of a divine purpose! We were long ago familiar with Walpole's *rehabilitating* of King Richard III., an undertaking that found favor with some novelists; but, this very year, Mr. Froude of Oxford has ventured a like good turn for King Henry VIII. So zealous is he to cleanse the tarnished scutcheon of the Reformation in England. We have no sympathy with dealings of this kind. History should sit as a judge, and not as an apologist. A really great or good man

can endure to have his weaknesses probed, and his errors and wrongs held up honestly to the light.

After all, Athens does not appear to us most admirable in those respects where Mr. Grote would find or make her so;—not in her institutions; not in her moral attitudes; not in her manners, domestic or public; not in her fickle councils; not in her factious liberty. With the mention of her name come up the thoughts of her historians, poets, orators, dramatists; her captains by land and sea; her patriots and philosophers and scientific explorers of the skies and the earth; her many that were wondrous, and her few that were incorruptible; her sculptors and painters and builders, who were born into the love and worship of all shapes of beauty. Intellectually and artistically, she not only fills every wish, but amazes us with her mysteries of achievement. As Jerusalem represents the very inspiration of religious faith, and Rome the full genius of organized empire, so Athens is the capital of the whole ancient world for thought, and all the forms that express thought, whether in the fixed marble that has learned a prouder charm than that of motion, or the flying words that are a possession for ever. Her writings are marvels and models still. Lord Brougham or Mr. Everett can get one of the best touches of a fine speech from the Oration on the Crown. The verses of her bards will be repeated, as long as air can tremble into sound. Hippocrates is good authority yet, as he stands aloft in the long gallery of medical art, “the prince of physicians”; and Aristotle the naturalist—to say nothing of the logician—has described living creatures with a searching accuracy, which leaves little to be done where he applied his hand, and nothing to be undone. The thought of modern society, also, has been cast into the formulas which he drew, and the world has been moved by his mighty dialectics. Men study, as well as admire, to this day, the broken statues of the city of Minerva, wherever they can dig them up, and the mutilated friezes of her Parthenon. But when we look at her in her civic position, or follow her in her eventful story, the heart sinks full as often as it swells with its meditations. She is the sport of the most shameful and ruinous disorders. She is at perpetual war with one or

another of her sister states, whom a day or two's march could bring to her Long Walls, and show the whole country around her devastated. Her commanders of highest renown may be found scheming for their own advantage, or intriguing with the enemy. Her best leaders are not safe from her ostracism, nor her best thinkers from her hemlock.

Think but of that single feature, slavery, which she so rejoiced in, and say if it is not enough to check some of the exultation which the sight of her freedom inspires. If Mr. Fyne Clinton's computation is correct, the number of *metics* in Attica — a class of settlers who were permitted to reside, and compelled to be taxed, but enjoyed no civil rights whatever — was almost half as great as that of the freemen, while those freemen were but one to twenty compared with the slaves. And then consider what a slave was in this famous Greece. He was not necessarily of a different physical structure, or brought from another continent. He was of the same color with his master, perhaps of the same clime and tongue, a captive in a war of equals. We do not charge this as a crime against old Hellas. The whole ancient world long after this had found out nothing better. Even "the mighty Stagirite," with all his keen perception, could maintain the necessity and rightfulness of bringing the inferior tribes of men into bondage; and this bondage might, with perfect propriety, be called a "chattel" bondage. The Greek mind never rose above these unworthy conceptions. The first steps towards helping the condition of the slaves were taken by the early Roman emperors, and especially by the philosophic and philanthropic Antoninus. How much of this effect may have been due to the fresh religion, which by that time was pouring a perceptible influence over the earth, we are unable to say. But we know that the influence spread rapidly in this humane direction. There are many evidences of this. No sooner was Christianity on the throne, than Roman legislation busied itself on behalf of that unhappy class. To the Roman Pontiff, Gregory the Great, belongs the honor of leading the way in enfranchising slaves, on the principle of the common equality of mankind. All honor to him for that and for other things, even if he did now and then tell hard stories in

the cause of the truth! Such was not the progress in the Grecian half of the severed empire of the Cæsars; where the Grecian mind continued to exhibit a mimic and phantom of itself. Dean Milman tells us, that Basil the Macedonian, in the latter part of the ninth century, had to enact that the marriage of a slave should be hallowed by the priestly benediction equally with that of the freeman; and that, so late as the thirteenth, Nice-tas, Archbishop of Thessalonica, pronounced sentence of excommunication on masters who still refused to grant to their slaves so holy a place as the church for the celebration of their base nuptials.*

But it is more than time to confine our remarks to the twelfth and last volume of Mr. Grote's History. It is almost entirely occupied with the story of Alexander the Great. The character of this heroic king finds no favor with him. He can see nothing in the son of Philip, who pretended to be the son of Jove, but a great soldier, captain, and conqueror; a half-Epirote through his fierce mother, Olympias, swelling into an Oriental despot; the destroyer of Thebes; the dictator to Athens; the enemy and oppressor of the whole liberties of Greece. Of any design of his to bring the vast East and Southern Egypt under the dominion of Hellenic cultivation, which has so commonly been claimed for him, he believes not a word. He rather thinks that there was no wish but to merge that free culture in one undistinguishing autocracy. He cannot admit that any great importance is to be attached to the choice education of Alexander; though it was so cared for by his father, who rejoiced less in the birth of a son, than that he should have been born in the days of Aristotle, and who committed him at the age of thirteen years † to the charge of that eminent philosopher.

* History of Latin Christianity, Vol. I. pp. 362 and 363. We are not sure that we always understand Dr. Milman's drift here and in what follows, or that we perfectly agree with him when we do. He seems disposed to ascribe very little agency in this reform to Christian opinion. "It was the weakness of Rome," he says (p. 363), "not her humanity or Christianity, which, by ceasing to supply the markets with hordes of conquered barbarians, diminished the trade." But at page 391 we read: "It was, perhaps, the multiplication of slaves which, to a certain extent, wrought its own remedy." It is difficult to bind the two assertions into agreement, or to see on what grounds the latter of them can rest.

† Aristotle divides the educating part of man's life into three periods of seven years, as we do now.

He cannot perceive that his fondness for Homer, or his reception into his tent, from the neighborhood of home, of Greek histories, poems, and dramas, was any proof of his love of letters; much less of a love for any science, unless it had some bearing upon military affairs. He rejects all that the world has been told of the reverence with which the victorious hero always regarded his old instructor; and represents him as becoming bitterly hostile to the great sage, at least in the closing part of his own short life. He discredits in a summary manner, and with a scanty show of authorities either way, the pleasant stories we have been taught of the monarch's munificence to Aristotle, and of the contributions which he sent from his marches and camps and fields of battle to the studious naturalist within his Athenian walls.

The London reviewer, mentioned at the head of this article, though in general a great admirer of Mr. Grote's work, censures him for what it calls his "fanatical detraction" of the Macedonian prince. He charges the historian with "having in his preceding volume concealed the weakness and corruption of the democratical party in Athens," that he may help some of the statements which he now puts forth, with no better voucher than the rhetorical speeches of Demosthenes. He is of opinion that some intermediate ground ought to be taken between Mr. Grote's sweeping depreciations and the still more "fanatical" eulogies of the Germans Droysen and Flathe. Possibly he may be right in this opinion. Perhaps a thoroughly impartial account of "the young man of Pella"* is yet to be written. We agree with the reviewer, that the political prejudices of the historian are conspicuous in this last volume, as we believe them to be in its predecessors. We are by no means in sentiment here with the writer in the last London Quarterly, whose article on "A History of Greece" is a mere indorsement and panegyric of everything that it contains. At the same time, the author of that history appears to us to have established strongly the chief grounds of his quarrel with the romantic fame of Alexander the Great. We have nowhere else met with any account of him that sounded so much like the truth. If alterations are to be

* Juvenal, X. 168.

made in the picture, we are persuaded that they will make few important changes in the expression of it; and we thank the stern painter who has presented it in such plain and natural strength. We doubt if it can be embellished, after this, with the old seductive charm that has fascinated so many persons.

The title of Dr. Geier's treatise awakened an expectation that has not exactly been fulfilled. "Alexander and Aristotle in their mutual relations, described according to original sources," promised a greater supply than has been realized from the old fountains. The larger part of the book is taken up with the general views of the philosopher in regard to education and subjects involved in it; and with the dispositions and acts of the prince, which have no special relation to those views. The most interesting point — the relations of these celebrated persons to one another in the latter part of their lives — is despatched in scarcely more than half a dozen pages, at the close of the work. Whatever may have been the friendship and munificence of the conqueror towards his teacher during the first year of his Eastern campaigns, — and they have undoubtedly been vastly exaggerated, — there is no doubt that they were changed at last into coldness and jealousy, if not into deep dislike. Dr. Geier admits this. He is an admirer of both the parties, and would evidently speak the best for Alexander which his historical probity and extensive study of the facts could permit. But we do not see that any of Mr. Grote's positions are seriously shaken. We do not see how they can be.

And this assertion is nowise inconsistent with what was said before, that the historian here also betrays his political predilections. This we repeat. Even the severe truths that he tells have an edge as of personal hostility. And sometimes there is the edge without the truth. His opinion is, not only that Alexander, though calling himself generalissimo of the Greeks, and as such avenging the cause of Europe upon Asia, was a worse enemy than the Persians had ever been; but that Athens and the Greeks would have been better off under Persian than under Macedonian sway, and that they were right in seeking alliances with any of the satraps who would strike a blow in that cause. He who had justified the banishment of Thucydides has no fault to find with the

execution of Phocion, who was a conservative, and who favored acquiescence in the rule of the absent king of Macedon. We can hardly suppose that Aristotle himself would have received much of his sympathy, when he retired from Athens after the death of the monarch, his pupil, in order that he might avoid the fate of Socrates, and die that natural death which was not far off.

A remarkable passage, which we have nowhere seen referred to, on the 242d page of the English edition of the twelfth volume, is enough of itself to confirm all that we have ventured to say. Alexander, writes Mr. Grote, "having in his first year completed the subjection of the Hellenic world, had by his subsequent campaigns absorbed it as a small fraction into the vast Persian empire. He had accomplished a result substantially the same as would have been brought about if the invasion of Greece by Xerxes had succeeded instead of failing." This is a surprising declaration. He can hardly intend all that it implies; but even if he does not, the exaggeration reveals the bent of the writer's mind. We cannot perceive that Greece was absorbed into the Persian empire at all by the conquests of Alexander; or was even touched by them, in anything like the sense or anything like the degree in which it would have been affected if the supposed case had occurred. How amazing, how incalculable, would have been the disastrous consequences upon after-times, if the myriads of the Great King had overwhelmed the Grecian states; taken possession of those plains and hills and sea-coasts which have entered into the heroic language of all free nations; trodden out in their germs those harvests of glory which nourish yet the heart of the world; cut off from Time that century of greatness, of which there has never been the like; and prevented all that we now call by the name of Hellenic culture and liberty, by the institutions and manners, the servility and effeminacy and barbarism, of the East! That is one picture, which, thanks to a protecting Providence, it is left wholly to the fancy to paint. And now look at the opposite one, of what really happened, and which history will never allow to fade, and see what became of that imaginary *absorption*. Greece was indeed subject to Macedonia; or rather was the prize of whoever of Alexander's successors — Mr. Grote prefers to call them the Diado-

chi — could attain to be its master. But it was time for Greece to be subject to some one. Her hour had come. Who can read of the cringing sycophancy of the Athenians to Demetrius the Phalerean, and Demetrius the Stormer of Cities, and not know that it had come? Every sign of degeneracy was preparing for the heavy tread of the Romans, who must make Greece one of their provinces, but who at the same time would transfer the refinements of her civilization and thought to their own rude homes. And reflect upon what is further and more important in the case. Alexandria, the city that received the dead body of the conqueror, and deserved to bear his name, — was even that African town “absorbed into the Persian empire”? Or did it not rather become the very capital of Grecian instruction, the library of its intellectual treasures, and a choice instrument for spreading them over the earth? Ay, more. It was within her walls, so early as the third century before Christ, that the Greek language was made to rehearse, for the first time in the hearing of Europe, a diviner literature than lay anywhere within the circle of classic renown; and even Pindar and Homer had to bow to what was loftier than they, in David and Isaiah. There, in the next century, the son of Sirac translated into Greek the Hebrew wisdom of his ancestor; and still later the book of the “Wisdom of Solomon,” with a fictitious title but a genuine worth, appeared in its Greek original; — the two together, we verily believe, worth more than all the Gentile ethics and philosophy that went before them. A few generations more, and Cæsar Augustus, as Suetonius informs us, ordered the sarcophagus of Alexander to be opened, and deposited a crown and strewed flowers upon the body that had been undecaying for three hundred years. He gazed upon the face, of which there is no record that it was ever seen again. A new era was just opening its eye upon the human race; and there lay the dead king as an image, not only of the topmost height of grandeur and authority brought down so low as that, but of a whole period of the world’s story rolled up and sent away.

There are two points incidentally mentioned in this closing volume, which, though of no great importance, are likely to attract the attention of some curious read-

ers. One is, that Mr. Grote has given an entirely new version of Alexander's dying word to his officers, who asked him to whom he would bequeath his kingdom. We everywhere read it, *To the Worthiest*;—even Thirlwall has it so. But evidently this does not convey the true meaning. In the first place, it is vague, and to no purpose; and then it partakes of a sentimentality altogether at variance with the sharp character of the king. Mr. Grote reads, *To the Strongest*; and that is undoubtedly the proper reading. It recommends itself at once; and is so striking, that every one will be ready to adopt it without inquiry. When we come to examine the matter, we find that this is indeed the exact import of the Greek word * used by Arrian, who is the real authority on the subject. The conqueror perceived in his last moments, that the succession would be fiercely contested; and this was the very thing that he meant to imply. Arrian tells the story as a rumor in general circulation, but does not seem to place implicit confidence in its truth. It sounds, however, characteristic of a monarch, whose life, for the last twelve years of it, had been one unbroken career of invasions and victories.

The second point relates to the use of elephants in war. Mr. Grote tells us, that fifteen of these animals were in the army of Darius at the battle of Arbêla in 334, and that "we now read of them for the first time in a field of battle." He afterwards says, that the Indian king, Porus, four years later, brought into action "many trained elephants, animals which the Macedonians had never yet encountered in battle." This apparent contradiction is perhaps to be harmonized by the fact that Arbêla was rather a rout than a battle, and the troops of Alexander may never have really been brought into conflict with those ponderous beasts till the arrival at the Indian borders. However this may be, it is an obvious reflection that their bulk and their wild strength, like those of the huge armies they attended, though admirably suited to scare the timid or trample down the flying, were but an added peril to their own side when a resolute attack threw them into disorder. About fifty years afterwards, Pyrrhus brought them into the south of

* Τῷ κρατίστῳ.

Italy, when he led thither his forces to check the progress of the Roman arms. And when a little more than another half-century had passed, Hannibal conducted his African elephants across the Rhone and the Alps, marching from the opposite quarter against Rome itself. Of these "snake-handed" creatures, as Lucretius loves to call them, all but one perished by the inclemency of the weather, not far from the river Po. We believe that they never appeared afterwards anywhere in Europe, unless for the gaze of the inquisitive or the bloody shows of the amphitheatre.

In the closing paragraph of his book, Mr. Grote reminds his readers of what may be considered a deficiency in it; inasmuch as the subject of Grecian philosophy—especially as that is exhibited in the writings of its two most eminent representatives—has been pushed aside by the current of the narrative. Indeed, it scarcely belongs to the province of history, but forms a history for itself. Plato he had spoken of chiefly as the companion of Socrates, and the summoned adviser of Dionysius the Elder; and of Aristotle only in his relations to Alexander the Great. And yet these two names stand at the head of the two principal divisions into which the efforts of the human mind are arranged. Plato illustrates the speculative and ideal element; Aristotle the logical in thought, the observing and inquisitive as to outward objects, and the practical in the daily conduct of life. Mr. Grote proposes to supply this deficiency by a supplementary volume on the philosophy of Greece in the fourth century before Christ, in which his views of both those famous thinkers will be fully unfolded. We look forward to such a publication with eager interest. It may supply a want that has been long felt in English letters; and felt none the less, but all the more, for the abundance of what has been written on the subject. The reputation of Plato, particularly, has stood so high, that he has been the subject of whole libraries of misapprehension and non-apprehension, of extravagance and dulness. We have Plato in transcendental obscurity, Plato in poetry, Plato in the thin air of unsubstantial fancies, Plato in sentiment, Plato in history,—more than enough, sometimes. But where is the real man, walking about in Athens and Syracuse, making his way to Egypt

and the Sphinxes, teaching in his grove upon the banks of the Ilyssus, and writing in his small private home the words that have floated his fame down all the rivers and across all the seas of the globe? Who has a clear and just conception where, — even among those who, from one or another impulse, have undertaken to tell the world about him? We need some one to point out, so far as it can be done, the sources of his doctrines; and to tell us, comprehensively and intelligibly and fairly, what doctrines he really taught. Not with the narrow peering of Mr. Thomas Taylor,* his sworn disciple; and not with the mystical flights of those who resemble that laborious student the least; but with the sober discernment of impartiality and good sense.

What Mr. Grote's whole aptnesses are for such a task, we have no means of knowing. But we see that he has a most thorough erudition preparing him for it. We see that he has an independent spirit, speaking itself out frankly, and willing to advance beyond the lines of old authority and narrow precedent, which makes him worthy of it. We see that he has a steadfastness of judgment, which will prevent him from being carried away by popular or learned illusions, or perplexed by false lights. Neither of those illustrious sages appears to have had much admiration for the Athenian polity, even after all the improvements upon it from Cleisthenes to Pericles; and with the ostracism left out, which the sentence of Hyperbolus had made too ridiculous to last. But he will easily forgive this in the glory of their relationship to Athens, and in his own allegiance to what he believes to be the truth. Unhappily, the Founder of the Academy did not devise in his political dreams anything half so good as the institutions of his adopted city. His dialogue on the Republic affronts us with absurd and lawless doctrines, which, if carried out into practice, would soon put an end to all society whatever. It will also surprise many, who are accustomed to large talk of the

* In an interview with that sturdy Platonist actually in the flesh, almost a generation ago, two things principally surprised us. One was, that this everyday looking person should be the author of those venerable quartos, which had inspired our youthful wonder, and seemed of a most ancient date. The other was to hear him say that he thought he had now just begun to understand that philosopher, whose writings he had spent a large part of his life in translating and unfolding.

purely intellectual Platonic theology, to be told that it is in the highest degree bigoted and intolerant. Whoever will read the closing sentences of the tenth book of the dialogue on Laws, and other parts of that same dialogue, will find that he denounces all religion that dissents from the traditions of the elders, as a crime deserving of death. Men must be orthodox under pains and penalties. Thus he would have it. Dante pays him off in return by thrusting him, and the Stagirite too, into the dismal limbo between hell and purgatory, because of their presumptuous speculations.* This was good distributive justice. Plato would not allow the mythic poets a place in his fanciful republic; and the wonderful fabulist of Florence would not allow him one in the company of happy spirits.

All scholars should feel obliged to a gentleman who has devoted thirty years of his life to unfrequented studies, in order to produce this great work. He has exhibited in some original points of view the leading events and prevailing modes of thought in the Grecian world. We shall read with still closer attention his account of its wisest philosophers in its most imperial days.

N. L. F.

ART. IV. — THE RESULTS OF THE LATE WAR IN THE EAST.†

Now that the smoke has blown away from the field of gory struggle, — now that the settlement of a contest which, it was predicted, would involve all Europe, has been thundered forth by the same bloody cannon which strewn the Crimean plains with dead, — now that the presses and peoples of the two most enlightened European powers have been striking the balance of profit and loss, — it seems most becoming to a journal devoted to the cause of peace to test its positions by these new

* Purgatorio, III. 43.

† *The War, from the Death of Lord Raglan to the Evacuation of the Crimea; with Additions and Corrections.* By W. H. RUSSELL, Correspondent of the Times. London: Longman & Co. 1856.

developments, and see if recent experience requires any change in that hearty detestation of war which its earlier pages express. The very fact that our countrymen generally have not taken sides on the Eastern question, while they could not fail to be interested spectators of its progress,—the possibility, at one time, of its involving us in a war with the mother country, which would have put humanity a whole generation backward,—the certainty that more critical points in European policy have been raised than set at rest by the Paris Conference,—encourage a free discussion. During the struggle, the Parliamentary leaders of the Peace party in England have suffered every kind of reproach,—have been assailed with misrepresentations from the pulpit, and ridiculed in every way by the press. We should be thankful indeed if the admiration we cannot help feeling for the courage, persistency, wisdom, Christian forbearance, and intellectual ability of Messrs. Cobden and Bright should confirm the approval of their own consciences, and contribute to that returning public favor at home, which is certain to do them ample justice at last. As the passions which public criminations have excited fall to sleep for want of aliment, official delinquents will be looked upon with less indignation; many apologies will suggest themselves, from the rare combination of difficulties, for the imbecility of some of the English commanders and the inadequacy of the English preparations; but the common people will surely feel, that, had these true friends of theirs been listened to, had the warnings of the Peace party been weighed, had their intelligence been turned to account, a monstrous increase of public debt would have been prevented, many gallant lives have been saved, no little demoralization prevented, and their country saved her humiliation before the world.

Some attempt is still made, across the water, to conceal the actual cause of the Eastern war, and to throw its responsibility wholly upon the Russians. If one listens to the leading Reviews, he is easily persuaded that Constantinople lay at the feet of the Czar, and nothing but the appearance of the allied fleet saved the Mosque of St. Sophia from bearing once more a Christian cross in place of the Moslem crescent. But in the first occasions of strife, those who know most of

the East believe that the Russians were entirely right; that the holy places in Palestine, wrested from them at the dictation of Louis Napoleon, and bestowed upon their hated rivals, the Latin Catholics, were theirs by right of possession, immemorial occupancy, and superiority of numbers; and that, when the Turkish government retraced this false movement, they did it treacherously, without sufficient proclamation, and with no intention of treating the two parties alike, as they had formerly done.

If it is remembered that the Latin Christians, who claimed exclusive ownership of the Chapel of the Nativity, the Holy Sepulchre, and the Tomb of the Virgin, were but a few thousand foreigners, and that their Greek opponents, the native subjects of the Sultan, numbered eleven millions, we shall see the justice of Lord Stratford de Radcliffe's remark in the English Blue Book, "that the Porte might in fairness almost side entirely with Russia." (B. B., Part I. p. 155.)

Then, back of this, was something far worse. At Constantinople, where each foreign nation has its separate court and its peculiar laws, the Greek Christian alone was left at the mercy of the Moslem tribunals, was tried by a law he could not be expected to know, was not permitted to make oath or to have a hearing for Christian witnesses, and was undeniably subjected to horrible wrongs, — to cruel imprisonment, to frequent robbery, to insufferable insolence, to outrages worse than death. The English consul, Saunders, speaks of a case just as the war was breaking out, where a mother and daughter were menaced with torture in boiling oil, unless they produced property enough to satisfy the avarice of some Mussulman land-owners; and Layard, whose testimony is that of an unwilling witness, speaks of what he saw among the Nestorian Christians, — of chiefs singed with burning straw, priests whipped before their congregations, and peasants fettered and tortured by "Turkish officers sent to protect these Christian subjects of the Sultan from the misrule of the Kurdish chiefs." Testimony to the same point from Lord Stratford is in our hands. But Lord Clarendon makes it an express communication through the British Minister to the Sublime Porte, so late as June 24, 1853,

"that your Excellency is instructed to state that it is the deliberate opinion of her Majesty's government, that it is impossible that any true sympathy for their rulers will be felt by the Christians, so long as they seek in vain for the reparation of wrongs done either to their persons or properties, because they are deemed a degraded race." Was it strange, that, when the Emperor Napoleon interfered so gratuitously in behalf of his fellow-religionists, without any immediate provocation, his brother Nicholas should think it high time to protect those Christian brethren of his, whose wrongs had been laid at the foot of his throne by continued entreaties for relief, — whose oppressions were immensely increased by this usurpation of the Latin Catholics under the patronage of France, — whose faith and worship were the most fervent convictions of his own heart? When Lord Carlisle wrote that he did not think it well for "any Christian state to leave its co-religionists to the uncovenanted forbearance of Mussulman rulers," Prince Menschikoff's demand of a protectorate for the Greek Christians in Turkey does not seem so unreasonable as the European journals which at first approved it have since assumed it to be. We know that the English Minister alone assumed the responsibility of its rejection, assured the Turkish government of the support of the Allies, and so committed these high powers to the quarrel, that they "left the issue of peace or war in the hands of the Turks," who, of course, expected, with such helpers, effectually to humble Russia without injury to themselves.

That other strata of policy lay beneath this, that with her national instinct of growth Russia desired to put herself in the way of further extension, that Constantinople would be more valuable to her than to any other nation, that her position of protector to so large a portion of Turkish subjects might give her an undue influence in the future dismemberment of that empire, are too obvious to need statement. And yet the substance of this accusation, the immense extension of Russian power, could not be regarded as a fit occasion of war, because the wonderful development of her resources, her millions upon millions of population, the bravery and numbers of her soldiery, seemed to be determined by Providence itself; and no war, however severe, ex-

tended, successful, universal, could promise materially to change the position of a power, which Lord Palmerston pronounced, in the House of Commons, "impregnable within her own boundaries, though nearly powerless for any purpose of offence," — a power which has been constantly advancing even by defeat, which puts to scorn, with her sixty millions of people, her close alliance with Prussia, her tender relations to Austria, her irresistible Asiatic overgrowth, the exploded humbug of a balance of power, and which will be found the only substantial gainer by the very contest that seems to have left her wounded at heart.

It has been the fashion of the English journals to represent the late Emperor of Russia as a peculiarly bad man; not only an oppressor, but a hypocrite; not only governing his own subjects with special severity, but employing dishonorable means to enslave the rest of the world. But there is more passion than reason in this view of his character. Having wielded a despotic sceptre for thirty years, it may be taken for granted that his will was unbending, — his mere word a law. But in his relation to other powers he was remarkably open; far less than the English government will he be found to have excited hopes which he never meant to realize; far less than Austria, to have concealed oppressive acts under specious names. In the beginning of this quarrel, the English ministry pronounce him especially trustworthy; his claim was so just that he could not recede from it, and yet at the same time he was ready to concede the inviolability of the Turkish empire, and to engage not to wage war upon it without suitable notice to France and England. Nay, more, he was willing to pledge his successor to nearly all which he has since conceded. And in that solemn exchange of worlds which the immense efforts of this campaign undoubtedly hastened, he met death with that serene fortitude, that tender regard for all around him, that fatherly thoughtfulness for his people, which ought to disarm criticism, or at least to make men ask if such self-devotion to the good of a great empire, such unintermitted energy in public improvement, such constancy in Christian profession, such unblemished personal morals, might not have had some foundation.

The English press has been not a little indignant because America would not side with the Allies in driving back a Cossack invasion from those beautiful shores of the Mediterranean. But America saw deeper than these crafty diplomatists believed,—saw that humanity had no advocate in their councils, no avenger on their battle-fields. Many an Englishman, no doubt, believed all that he hoped,—believed that Italy was not to be neglected by those who were so anxious to save Turkey from the crushing embrace of the Northern Bear; that Poland might be found the most accessible point of attack upon its chief oppressor; that Hungary would be encouraged to rise once more, and avenge upon Russia the conspiracy which stifled its own freedom. But we on this side felt the chilling neglect which every friend of European emancipation encountered from the ministry of England; we saw these would-be apostles of human rights turning aside to extinguish the new embers of liberty in Greece; we saw the offer of a Polish regiment rejected, when England was most in want of men; we heard not a whisper against the most tyrannous measures of the French usurper; we felt that brave Sardinia would be no match for Austrian craft in the final arrangement of affairs when the war might cease. Nay, on a broader scale still, English journalists have taught us to scoff at the advantages of English intervention. The two most decaying governments of Europe, Spain and Portugal, hate no other power so much as that which has lavished gold like water for their deliverance to irresponsible, superstitious, cowardly, profligate, but hereditary oppressors. The best administration Syria has known in recent times was driven away by British troops, that Turkish bloodsuckers might drain out the little life which was left. That very King Bomba, whom it is English to despise even more than detest, owes his throne to English bayonets, and would take the place of some of his many thousand victims did English intervention mean anything for humanity. While Sicily, which England consigned to his “uncovenanted mercies,” unites with Naples in cursing that blind devotion to the interests of legitimate despots which is the first law of English policy abroad, in Europe generally England has been working against manifest destiny, as in uniting

Belgium to Holland and in securing the throne of France against the Napoleon race. Her efforts, it must be owned, her lavish subsidies, her martial demonstrations, have been directed to upholding a mere figment, the balance of power in Europe. But when we remember that none of them — neither her burdensome war upon Napoleon, nor her now regretted demonstration at Navarino — have ever tended to retard the monstrous overgrowth of Russia, but have rather ministered to her preponderance, as in the case of Greece at the expense of this diminishing Ottoman power, we see that our countrymen have been justified in expecting no good result from what has always hitherto issued in evil, what has wholly mistaken its true direction, unspeakably burdened the English themselves, and arrested social progress directly and indirectly again and again.

But now that these mangled wrestlers have unclenched hands, and set down to take account of the blows given and received, what is there to compensate for seven hundred thousand lives sacrificed, for three hundred millions of pounds spent, for the interruption at least of social development, for an immense increase of already crushing taxation, for such sufferings on the bloody arena as show that war will never part with one of its cursed traits, and for such demoralizing effects as have always awakened our amazement at the indifference of Christians to a system which Lord Brougham pronounced "the greatest of crimes"?

Tennyson, in his last poem, speaks of peace as the promoter of vice, and war as the occasion of social renewal. And there are those who dwell upon a solitary instance of self-sacrifice on the battle-field, some chivalric heroism or sublime contempt of death, as an offset to the general brutality which successful war glorifies. Fortunately, we have the address of the Recorder of London to the Grand Jury, leaving no room for debate as to the home influence of a prolonged contest. "After forty years' blessings of peace, we have now," says he, "twelve months' experience of war; and there is no doubt that during the same period the most heinous crimes have been committed by persons of high station, and certainly there has been a most unusual number of cases involving the destruction of life." English papers abound with

atrocious crimes, especially crimes of violence. Deeds of blood upon national foes have been paralleled with similar outrages upon children, wives, masters, friends, at home. Fraud and forgery, suicide and murder, perjury and poisoning, instead of being abated by the drain made upon the most reckless of the population to recruit the army, instead of being counteracted by the self-denial necessary to support such unusual burdens, have evidently multiplied. As we cannot repeal the law of God in one place and exalt it in another at the same time, the familiarizing the mind with robbery and murder in a foreign land would not seem the best way to prevent robbery and murder in our own.

And then as to the virtues directly called forth upon the scene of struggle. Very few facts which would seem to tarnish the Allies' glory, little as that was, are allowed to transpire. But, according to the brave Colonel Williams, every department at Kars was subject to the most shameless robbery, the officers under his command were habitually drunk, the Turkish government was made to pay for the rations of whole companies of dead men, the prohibited slave-trade was continued under the very eyes of the English, and, apparently from envy of others' success, no officer would volunteer any help to another. Were the Crimean troops perishing for want of the lime-juice which was stored up by the ton at Balaclava, nobody had disinterested patriotism enough to acquaint the commander-in-chief with the fact. Was there no lint to be found at one time in the hospitals, no officer would step an inch out of his beaten track to open the crowded storehouse, to mitigate the sufferings and save the lives of his miserable men. Undoubtedly, much outside generosity was set at work. We would never forget that angel in female form, who

"Through miles of pallets, thickly laid
With sickness in its foulest guise,
And pain in form to have dismayed
Man's science-hardened eyes,
A woman, fragile, pale, and tall,
Upon her saintly work doth move,
Fair or not fair, who knows? but all
Follow her face with love."

But her effective benevolence was made more memorable by the stolid indifference of the high-paid officials,

and very frequently made inoperative by the beastly drunkenness of the English soldiers. The Sea of Azof will long be remembered by the outrages committed on women and children, on works of art and memorials of the past, along its shores. If some Russians stabbed their enemies as they stooped to give the wounded foe relief, Englishmen were not ashamed to rifle the pockets of dying soldiers, and then abandon them to their fate. The consecration of the camp to the sublimity of duty may be seen in a Crimean officer's remark, that "half of us do not know what we are fighting for, and the other half pray we may not be fighting for the Turks"; or in a sharpshooter of the Thirty-Third pointing to his pile of victims, calling them "a good bag of game for a morning's work"; or in the letter of an English dragoon, that, during the Sunday fight of Inkermann, we "felt more like devils than men." So that the development of any sterner virtues upon the scene of struggle is at least offset by what all men agree to execrate, and society everywhere punishes as savage vice.

But it is claimed that certain long-coveted concessions have been obtained from the gratitude or fear of the Sultan for the oppressed Christians of Turkey. It is not a little noteworthy that the same scenes which had once witnessed the death-grapple of the Crescent and the Cross should now behold them as allies waging a common war against the representative of a third of Christendom, and that the most obvious effect of this unparalleled strife should be to secure undreamt-of privileges to the defeated party,—that, henceforth and for ever, a Christian's word may weigh as heavy as a Mussulman's in a Turkish court, and that a Christian may hold land in his own name right beneath the marble splendor of Santa Sophia,—nay, receive a convert without exposing his neck to the deadly scymitar.

Yes: and had this deadly stroke at Turkish pre-eminence been felt to be the great object of armed intervention, France and England, even without the ready co-operation of Russia, could have obtained it without firing a gun or sacrificing a man. No well-informed person, certainly no one who is acquainted with the fatal facility which surrenders this weak Sultan to every dictation of the "High Powers," can doubt that a united

representation of his throne depending for its preservation upon the very thing which Russia went to work to accomplish single-handed, would have secured all these privileges, — privileges which will require almost the omnipresence of a Christian army in Turkey to render of any account, as Bishop Gobat recently remarked at a public meeting in England.

But the most interesting fact is that this identical gain is substantially the sacrifice of the main object of allied intervention, which seems to have been the resurrection of Turkey, — the erection of a power able to withstand future invasion from the North. Now no man ever studied Islamism at home without being aware that its strength was precisely what represents a Christian nation's weakness; its insane bigotry, its unmitigated self-conceit, its blind fidelity to the letter of the Koran. But in the new order of things now inaugurating at Constantinople, the Turk descends from this proud eminence to a level with "the dog of an infidel"; the peculiar sanctity of his religion is gone, the ancient barrier against its invasion is torn away; the Sultan has owned himself a dependant of the very nations which once trembled at his power. Cadi and Mufti, who gnashed their teeth at the defence of the believers' soil by unbelievers' arms, must now see a Christian temple rising within the saintly shadow of their holiest Western mosque.

Even the presence of Christian armies has not repressed fierce tumults. Unless Moslem bigotry has received its death-blow, their withdrawal will expose the helpless native Christian to new outrages, will demand of course new "interventions"; or will show that the inmost heart of this "intrenched camp of fanatics" is chilled to the core. At any rate, the notorious discontent of so large a portion of Mohammedan subjects, their alienation from him whom they cannot serve at all unless with the zeal of religious enthusiasm, is loss enough to counterbalance a more positive and reliable gain. If we remember in addition that the alarming numerical inferiority of the Turk upon his own soil is immensely increased by the destruction of this portion of the population exclusively in the army; if we bear in mind that an immense debt, which such miserably disor-

dered finances can never pay, has been incurred, and very much of the revenue diverted to meet its interest; if we observe that, while no material barrier is even pretended to be set up against Russian aggression, the exposure of the Asiatic portion of the empire has been sensibly increased, — we shall be compelled to admit, that the boasted means of preservation has been a secret but immense stride towards Turkish extinction.

A third result is the strengthening of tyranny in Germany, France, and Italy. There is no question but that Austrian diplomacy worked its way through a perilous crisis, — confirmed its fraternity with Russia, yet guarded itself from French invasion, — smothered the hopes of uneasy republicans and hopeful revolutionists, — proved itself as artful as merciless, as enveloped in political chicanery as it is intrenched against the indignation of the oppressed.

The reverence with which England and France waited upon the movements of this treacherous negotiator, the deference shown to its counsels even to the last, the opportunity of enlarged commerce which it gained without a struggle by the opening of the Danube, have almost driven Hungarian and Italian patriotism to despair, have encouraged the Pope in his outrages upon humanity, and seem bringing Italy more and more into the stifling embrace of this its worst enemy. England and France, it is well known, have entered into a separate treaty with Austria, which, besides conferring so much European prestige upon the house of Hapsburg, is arranged, no doubt, to quiet the crushed millions under the very worst of modern tyrannies.

But who is he whom this miserable war has made "the foremost man in Europe," — some Ulysses-like statesman, some hero such as the fall of Troy commemorates, some engineer like the defender of Syracuse? By universal confession, it is that French usurper whom England execrated before this campaign, but whom England now disgraces itself to honor, — who was trembling under the threat of assassination, but is now adored by the multitude that worship success, — who reaps for himself alone the harvest sown by so many now lying half buried on those pestilential plains, or groping to their graves beneath complicated diseases

and incurable wounds. Precisely as England lost her military pre-eminence, as she appeared like Sinbad with the old man on his back groaning beneath an effete nobility, France gained by the more daring bravery of her officers, the ampler provision of her hospitals, the triumphant success of her onsets. But all this gain was for one man, whose unjust aggression upon the Greek Church laid the train for this terrible explosion, and who has been sitting, spider-like, in remote security, exulting over the miserable victims entangled in his vast web. Had he confided the attack upon Sebastopol to one of the great generals whom his tyranny had exiled from power, Sebastopol would have sooner fallen; but part of the fame would have exalted in the favor of a martial race those whom it is his policy to bury from public regard. But if we view the French people distinct from this perjured adventurer, whose days it may be hoped are numbered, the loss of so many lives, the increase of all the expenses of living through increased taxation, the commercial convulsion which seems to be impending over their capital, the riveting upon their necks of this despotism through the alliance of England, shows no result over which a French patriot can rejoice.

Another sad consequence is the humiliation of England. None can question the fact, that, in return for a vast increase of her national debt, and a deficit of a hundred millions in her income, she has seen the proudest navy in the world spend its strength in dinner-table boasts, the most costly army in the world equally spell-bound, her great national rival stealing from her gouty fingers the laurels dripping from her own blood; and, worst of all, the titled imbeciles, who, after like incapacity among us, would never dare to face indignant public sentiment, return to be honored afresh, endowed with new capacity for disgracing their country, and made a conspicuous proof that the cancer cannot be cured even where it is clearly seen. In view of the unspeakable services England has rendered, and is yet to render, to humanity, who can help mourning over the temporary eclipse of such a central luminary? Who can fail to execrate a cause which has impaired her power, as well as chilled her zeal, to befriend the op-

pressed, to deliver the enslaved, to extend Christian truth and illustrate Christian principles?

Whatever credit may be assigned to the decision of the Peace Congress at Paris, that privateering shall be abolished, that neutral ships make free goods, and that arbitration shall be the first resort in case of a "difference between the Porte and one or more of the signing Powers," it is wholly a peace, not a war gain. No blood has been shed for or against either of these propositions; neither of them has showed itself for a moment on the field of struggle; the last and most encouraging one came directly from the Peace Society in London, has been urged by them upon different governments for years, and might have been adopted just as readily by these leading sovereignties before they had enlisted a regiment or taken any warlike steps, as now that they retire like bleeding athletes from the gory arena.

The only power which will reap permanent advantage by this unequalled strife is that which is apparently defeated, Russia. Her imperial manifesto declares, that "the objects of the war have been obtained by the privileges secured to the Christians." But unless we exaggerate the malignity of Moslem bigotry, unless Turkish governors and judges have been terribly belied as to their scorn of paper-concessions to the Giaours, this benefit will be nothing compared to the attention Russia is now compelled to concentrate on her own development. Compression from without seemed to be indispensable to her cultivation within. Neither men nor supplies could be transmitted in sufficiency over her vast territory, for want of suitable roads. Her first measure, upon the approach of peace, has been to project long lines of railroad, which will be executed with energy by the best talent which can be obtained anywhere in the world. As far as her military frontier is concerned, it remains essentially the same as before. She will still threaten Norway and Sweden, be a perpetual menace to Turkey, occupy Circassia, consolidate her Asiatic power, overawe Persia, and possibly control China. Only one third of the originally stipulated portion of Bessarabia is to be ceded; the forts on the eastern coast of the Black Sea are not to be dismantled; Nicholaieff is still to flourish as a military arsenal; and for all the rest, that

famous device, the *neutralization of the Black Sea*, obliges us substantially to trust the very power which has been so often declared in the English Parliament utterly untrustworthy. She is not at liberty, to be sure, to have any large ships of war in the Euxine, only six steamers of six hundred tons each, and four smaller vessels of two thirds the tonnage. But she may have any number of armed gun-boats, and a swarm of transports, besides commercial vessels without limit, ready to be converted into ships of war at the word of a despotic sovereign like the Czar. To such representations as that these promises may prove idle words, that Russia may collect an irresistible force in the Sea of Azoff or upon her southern rivers, Lord Palmerston replies, "that every treaty may be violated by the bad faith of the party with whom you contract it; and if you cannot rely on the good faith of nations with whom you make treaties, there can be no peace without extermination." But the very reason for entering upon this desolating war was, that Russian faith could not be relied upon, that the pledged honor of the Emperor for the inviolability of Turkey was not to be regarded, though to this he offered again and again to bind himself and his successor!

If this is not a *reductio ad absurdum*, none ever was, — to accept joyfully, as the principal result of a struggle which has wasted millions of treasure and hundreds of thousands of lives, the promise of the same power which was not thought worthy of regard at the beginning, — to leave the security of Turkey, now, for the first time, burdened with foreign debt, rent asunder with discontent and disaffection, decimated in its only reliable defenders, to the bare word of its inveterate, deadly, ever-watchful, ever-growing foe!

There are two motives for thanksgiving, however, which we would barely state as we close. The first is, the union of France and England after five centuries of jealousy, hatred, and strife. No more undoubted sign of the times ought men to rejoice in, than the coming together of these hereditary rivals, to be followed by the creation of new ties, an interweaving of mutual benefits, a more earnest competition in such good works as have been exhibited in "Crystal Palaces" than there ever has

been in mutual injury. The grand argument for the support of those military establishments which have been the sorest burden on industry in either country has been, that they were sustained on the other side of the Channel by "our natural enemy." Now that this enemy has exchanged the kiss of peace, one of the most popular excuses for maintaining an immense armament is destroyed; and we may hope, that, as the friends of peace in either country get a hearing again, the means of sudden strife will be removed, the whole energy of either government consecrated to that internal development which makes a nation really powerful, and the future of the more civilized nations secured against the curse of international conflict.

The second is, that, though there have been as memorable feats of arms as the world ever saw, though the defence of Sebastopol under that deluge of iron hail, or that desperate Balaclava charge, would have given some names to immortality in any other age, Russell of the "Times" has earned more fame with the pen than Raglan with the sword. While fiercer eyes never gleamed into the roaring cannon, more heroic hands never waved the thirsty sword, nor more dauntless desperation leaped upon the deadly bastion, public opinion will not bestow the same laurel as upon far less bravery in any earlier age; the pre-eminence of human butchery over every other art is getting superannuated; the fascination of what was once the only glory, is yielding its vantage-ground to civilization, to Christianity. By and by,

"The warrior's name will be a name abhorred!
And every nation that shall lift again
Its hand against its brother, on its forehead
Will wear for evermore the curse of Cain!
Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace!'"

F. W. H.

ART. V. — CELTIC, OR DRUIDICAL, DOCTRINE OF A FUTURE LIFE.

THAT strange body of men, commonly known as the Druids, who constituted what may, with some correctness, be called the Celtic priesthood, were the recognized religious teachers throughout Gaul, Armorica, a small part of Germany on the southern border, all Great Britain, and some neighboring islands. The notions in regard to a future life put forth by them are stated only in a very imperfect manner by the Greek and Roman authors in whose surviving works we find allusions to the Druids or accounts of the Celts. Several modern writers — especially Borlase, in his *Antiquities of Cornwall** — have collected all these references from Diodorus, Strabo, Procopius, Tacitus, Cæsar, Mela, Valerius Maximus, and Marcellinus. It is therefore needless to cite the passages here; the more so, as, even with the aid of all the analytic and constructive comments which can be fairly made upon them, they afford us only a few general views, leaving all the details in profound obscurity. The substance of what we learn from these sources is this. First, that the Druids possessed a body of science and speculation comprising the doctrine of immortality, which they taught with clearness and authority. Secondly, that they inculcated the belief in a future life in inseparable connection with the great dogma of the metempsychosis. Thirdly, that the people held such cheerful and attractive views of the future state, and held them with such earnestness, that they wept around the newborn infant, and smiled around the corpse; that they encountered death without fear or reluctance.

A somewhat more minute conception of the Druidical view of the future life is furnished us by an old mythologic tale of Celtic origin. Omitting the story, as irrelevant to our purpose here, we derive from it the following ideas.† The soul, on being divested of its earthly envelope, is borne aloft. The clouds are composed of the souls of lately deceased men. They fly over the heads of armies, inspiring courage or striking terror.

* Book I. Ch. XIV.

† Davies's *Celtic Researches*, Appendix, pp. 558 - 561.

Not yet freed from terrestrial affections, they mix in the passions and affairs of men. Vainly they strive to soar above the atmosphere; an impassable wall of sapphire resists their wings. In the moon millions of souls traverse tremendous plains of ice, losing all perception but that of simple existence, forgetting the adventures they have passed through and are about to recommence. During eclipses, on long tubes of darkness they return to the earth, and, revived by a beam of light from the all-quickeningsun, enter newly-formed bodies, and begin again the career of life. The disc of the sun consists of an assemblage of pure souls swimming in an ocean of bliss. Souls sullied with earthly impurities are to be purged by repeated births and probations till the last evil stain is removed, and they are all finally fitted to ascend to a succession of spheres still higher than the sun, whence they can never sink again to reside in the circle of the lower globes and grosser atmosphere. These representations are neither Gothic nor Roman, but Celtic.

But a far more adequate exposition of the Druidical doctrine of the soul's destinies has been presented to us through the translation of some of the preserved treasures of the old Bardic lore of Wales. The Welsh bards for hundreds of years were the sole surviving representatives of the Druids. Their poems—numerous manuscripts of which, with ample authentication of their genuineness, have been published and explained—contain quite full accounts of the tenets of Druidism, which was nowhere else so thoroughly systematized and established as in ancient Britain.* The curious reader will find this whole subject copiously treated, and all the materials furnished, in the "*Welsh Archæology*," a work in three huge volumes, edited by Nicholas Owen, and published at London in the last part of the eighteenth century. After the introduction and triumph of Christianity in Britain, for several centuries the two systems of thought and ritual mutually influenced each other, corrupting and corrupted. A striking example in point is this. The notion of a punitive and remedial transmi-

* See Sketch of British Bardism, prefixed to Owen's Translation of the Heroic Elegies of Llywarch Hen.

gration belonged to Druidism. Now Taliesin, a famous Welsh bard of the sixth century, locates this purifying metempsychosis in the *Hell of Christianity*, whence the soul gradually rises again to felicity, the way for it having been opened by Christ! Cautiously eliminating the Christian admixtures, the following outline, which we epitomize from the pioneer* of modern scholars to the Welsh Bardic literature, affords a pretty clear knowledge of that portion of the Druidic theology relating to the future life.

There are, says one of the Bardic triads, three circles of existence. First, the Circle of Infinity, where of living or dead there is nothing but God, and none but God can traverse it. Secondly, the Circle of Metempsychosis, where all things that live are derived from death. This circle has been traversed by man. Thirdly, the Circle of Felicity, where all things spring from life. This circle man shall hereafter traverse. All animated beings originate in the lowest point of existence, and, by regular gradations, through an ascending series of transmigrations, rise to the highest state of perfection possible for finite creatures. Fate reigns in all the states below that of humanity, and they are all necessarily evil. In the states above humanity, on the contrary, unmixed good so prevails that all are necessarily good. But in the middle state of humanity, good and evil are so balanced that liberty results, free-will and consequent responsibility are born. Beings who in their ascent have arrived at the state of man, if by purity, humility, love, and righteousness they keep the laws of the Creator, will, after death, rise into more glorious spheres, and will continue to rise still higher, until they reach the final destination of complete and endless happiness. But if, while in the state of humanity, one perverts his reason and will, and attaches himself to evil, he will, on dying, fall into such a state of animal existence as corresponds with the baseness of his soul. This baseness may be so great as to precipitate him to the lowest point of being; but he shall climb thence through a series of births best fitted to free him from his evil propensities. Restored

* Poems, Lyric and Pastoral, by Edward Williams, Vol. II., Notes, pp. 194 - 256.

to the probationary state, he may fall again; but though this should recur again and again for a million of ages, the path to happiness still remains open, and he shall at last infallibly arrive at his preordained felicity, and fall nevermore. In the states superior to humanity, the soul recovers and for ever retains the entire recollection of its former lives.

We will quote a few illustrative triads. There are three necessary purposes of metempsychosis: to collect the materials and properties of every nature; to collect the knowledge of everything; to collect power towards removing whatever is pernicious. The knowledge of three things will subdue and destroy evil: knowledge of its cause, its nature, and its operation. Three things continually dwindle away: the Dark, the False, the Dead. Three things continually increase: Light, Truth, Life. These will prevail, and finally absorb everything else. The soul is an inconceivably minute particle of the most refined matter, endowed with indestructible life, at the dissolution of one body passing, according to its merits, into a higher or lower stage of existence, where it expands itself into that form which its acquired propensities necessarily give it, or into that animal wherein such propensities naturally reside. The ultimate states of happiness are ceaselessly undergoing the most delightful renovations, without which, indeed, no finite being could endure the tedium of eternity. These are not, like the death of the lower states, accompanied by a suspension of memory and of conscious identity. All the innumerable modes of existence, after being cleansed from every evil, will for ever remain as beautiful varieties in the creation, and will be equally esteemed, equally happy, equally fathered by the Creator. The successive occupation of these modes of existence by the celestial inhabitants of the Circle of Felicity will be one of the ways of varying what would otherwise be the intolerable monotony of eternity. The creation is yet in its infancy. The progressive operation of the providence of God will bring every being up from the great Deep to the point of liberty, and will at last secure three things for them; namely, what is most beneficial, what is most desired, and what is most beautiful. There are three stabilities of existence: what cannot be otherwise, what should not

be otherwise, what cannot be imagined better; and in these all shall end, in the Circle of Felicity.

Such is a hasty synopsis of what here concerns us in the theology of the Druids. In its ground-germs it was, as seems to us, unquestionably imported into Celtic thought and Cymrian song from that prolific and immemorial Hindoo mind which bore Brahminism and Buddhism as its fruit. Its ethical tone, intellectual elevation, and glorious climax are not unworthy that free hierarchy of minstrel-priests whose teachings were proclaimed, as their assemblies were held, "in the face of the sun and in the eye of the light," and whose thrilling motto was, "THE TRUTH AGAINST THE WORLD."

W. R. A.

ART. VI.—THE ITALIAN PULPIT.*

BEFORE the appearance of these three volumes of pulpit discourses, numerous learned works in theology and the enthusiastic praise of many annual classes of students had established the fame of Joseph Savio. His death was felt in the city of Mantua as a public calamity. His name was counted worthy to be mentioned with the names of Visconti, Gobbio, Vespasian Gonzaga, and the "crowning poet," that Virgil who heads a long line of Mantuan heroes. The volumes before us are a tribute to his memory,—the monument which his grateful fellow-citizens preferred to erect. The list of subscribers, given at the close, includes more than two hundred names of the prominent families of that ancient duchy. The editing commission is headed by the Marquis Cavarani, who still holds under Austrian rule that authority which his warlike ancestors held for so many centuries by the right of their strength. It is not often that the issue of sermons becomes a public concern in Catholic

* *Panegirici ed altre Sacre Orazioni del Canonico Teologo, GIUSEPPE SAVIO, Professore emerito di Sacra Eloquenza, poi di Teologia Dogmatica e Pastorale nel Vescovile Seminario di Mantova. Vols. I., II., III. Venezia: Dalla Tipografia di Pietro Naratovich. 1847. 8vo. pp. 733.*

countries ; but in this instance it seems to have been so. It is a bit of old Puritanism carried over to Italy.

The discourses of Professor Savio are fair specimens of the best class of Italian sermons. Their subjects are the subjects on which all preachers dwell, their illustrations are such as respectable preachers naturally use, and their style, calmer and more level than the cadences of colloquial speech, accords with the most approved rules of pulpit eloquence. One volume is devoted to the glories of the Blessed Virgin, her Immaculate Birth, her Sorrow by the Cross, her Assumption, her Coronation, her Honor in the Rosary, her Sacred Heart, and her saving Watch over the Hearts of the Faithful. Another volume contains panegyrics of eminent saints, great and small, from Peter to Albert the Carmelite, from the Magdalen to Paula Montaldi. The third volume, which is more strictly a volume of sermons, treats of Penance, Purgatory, Prayer, and the Pope, of Mortal Sin, of Final Judgment, of the Blessed Eucharist, and the "Memento Mori," with a funeral sermon, and a "First Mass" sermon, which corresponds to the ordination sermons of New England. In length they exceed the usual homilies of the Catholic pulpit. But we suppose it to be true all over the world, that a college Professor, on all public occasions, has a right to make his discourses twice as long as other men. The evil is not so great in Italy as in America. For an Italian preacher knows how to hold his audience without fatiguing them, and how to make them, at the end of the two hours, wish for more ; which is a great art of preaching, as it is, according to high authority, of letter-writing.

But we do not intend to vex our readers with a critical examination of sermons in a foreign tongue which they have not seen, and probably cannot find. We only make them the excuse for a few miscellaneous remarks upon Italian preaching and the Italian pulpit. The mention of such a theme will have in some quarters a paradoxical sound. For there is a prevalent impression, founded on the reports of rapid tourists and the platform speeches of Protestant orators, that there is no preaching in Italy worthy of the name of preaching. We have seen it more than once lugubriously announced, that a man may go to church every Sunday in the year in any of the

Italian cities from Milan to Syracuse, and never hear a sermon. The spiritual destitution of that sunny land is argued from the fact that it has swarms of priests, but scarcely a preacher. St. Peter's Church to Puritan eyes, with all its magnificence, has one fatal defect. It has abundance of altars, but no pulpit. It was doubtless that defect which led a prim Yankee to ask a friend of ours at the door of St. Peter's, at the very time when High Mass was going on, with hundreds of worshippers kneeling around: "Can you tell me, Sir, when the exercises will commence?" He could not see any pulpit, or any preacher in a white neckcloth, and evidently thought that the choir were only going through a little refreshing preliminary practice, like a New England choir on Sunday morning. It is very amusing to note the tenacity with which a Yankee clings to his ecclesiastical prejudices. Unlike an Englishman, he is anxious to attend worship in the churches of the land in which he finds himself; but he expects the worship to conform to his familiar Congregational pattern.

In defiance of this common impression, we are bold to affirm that there *is* preaching in Italy, good preaching too, and plenty of it. If it does not hold the same relative position that preaching does in New England, it holds a decided and an important position. If a smaller proportion of the people wait upon it, enough wait upon it to show that it is a real thing, and no sham. The arrangements of Italian churches are such, that, except on extraordinary occasions, large audiences cannot be expected to listen to the sermons. As the churches are open every day of the week, and nearly all day from dawn to dusk, the parishioner can choose his own most convenient time to pray before the altar. The mistake of supposing that nobody attends the churches in Italy is made by visitors in going at the wrong hours. At ten o'clock, or at three, except on festival days, you will see very few people, and rarely hear an address. But go to the parish churches at sunrise, or at Ave Maria, and you will find that Catholics as zealously as Protestants wait upon the ministrations of the Word. You will hear outpourings and appeals, which deserve the name of sermons far more than those sound but soothing essays which help a Puritan flock to digest a Sunday dinner. There

are churches in the old "Campus Martius" which attract more listeners from week to week than many of the more conspicuous churches in New York and Boston. And the phenomenon of a sleeping audience is rarely witnessed in them. The sin of Eutychus is more common in an American than in an Italian city.

The attraction of a great preacher is relatively less powerful in Italy than in the colder regions of the North, and no pulpit orator is ever pressed by such crowds as besiege the tabernacle where Spurgeon is advertised to speak. There is nothing in Rome to parallel the throng in Crown Court, Covent Garden, or the congregations of Mr. Beecher's church in Brooklyn. Yet we have seen, both in Rome and Naples, audiences of a thousand or more gathered without any public notice of the preacher's name. The Italians, low as their moral standard is, and fond as they are of spectacles, have not yet reached the point of placarding their preachers. You nowhere see it published on flaring posters, that "the Rev. Dr. Antonio will preach at the Church of the Trinity, by the Divine blessing, on such a day, and on such a subject." In this particular, the benighted Papists have a lesson to learn of us Protestants. They have their annual programme of fasts and festivals, with the statements of churches in which these will be observed, but nothing which corresponds with the ecclesiastical advertisements of our Saturday papers. The favorite system of pulpit exchanges, too, is one of the blessings which they have yet to gain. A parish priest is expected to belong to his own parish church, and to stay there until he is removed. If you go to St. Cecilia's, you will hear one of the ministers of St. Cecilia, and not of St. Gregory's, across the Tiber. The ear is not filled, in coming out of an Italian church, with low murmurs of disappointment at the untimely substitution of an indifferent for a gifted preacher.

The larger churches in Italy have usually one or more priests attached to their staff, whose principal sphere of duty is the composition and delivery of sermons, and who are excused, for this reason, from the harder duties of the Mass and the Confessional. No monastic establishment is without some brother of skill in this department. The Jesuit preachers are celebrated. But there

are also among the Franciscans and the Minorites men of acknowledged eloquence. It is possible to hear on Fridays, in the area of the Colosseum, a sermon from a barefooted friar which shall start the tears from the eyes of men unused to soft emotions. The Dominicans, while they retain some of their ancient fame as students, and rejoice in their splendid libraries, do not now hold the first rank in pulpit eloquence, and are less entitled to the name of "Preaching Friars" than the priests of St. Philip Neri. The Convent of St. Mary at the People's Gate, where Luther sojourned on his famous Roman visit, is now more noted for its exquisite music than for the periods of its orators. And San Marco, in Florence, has more members who emulate the art of Fra Angelico than the fiery speech of Savonarola. But the leading men in all the monastic orders know how to preach. On the Sundays of Lent and Advent the Pope and Cardinals listen in the Sistine Chapel to a Latin sermon from the generals of the Theatines, and Augustinians, and Carmelites, and Servi, and Minorites, each in his turn. It is a compulsory honor to preach in that august presence. The Cardinals preach on great occasions; and the English, who are slow to follow the Tuscan dialect, may regale themselves now and then with the splendid vernacular of their own Wiseman. Even the Pope is a preacher; and we shall not soon forget the scene on a November day, when an innumerable crowd surged up and down before the ancient Forum to hear the Father of Christendom speak from the steps of the Capitol.

In all the ecclesiastical schools the art of sermonizing is carefully taught. The annual festival of the Propaganda College has been a hundred times described. But there are many other opportunities for the more distinguished pupils of the schools to exhibit their attainments as pulpit orators. The ceremonies of Ascension day at St. John Lateran are graced not only by the apostolic benediction of his Holiness, but by a sermon from a pupil of the Capranic College. On St. Stephen's day, a pupil of the English College preaches in the Sistine Chapel; on the feast day of the Archangel Michael, a pupil of St. Peter's Seminary pronounces the panegyric; and on the Nativity of John the Baptist, a pupil of

the Collegio Romano. Frequently these discourses are printed; and if their life is as ephemeral as the life of similar productions in this region, their circulation is wider, since they may be bought in the streets for a very moderate sum,—a few baiocchi.

There are few Protestant preachers, we suspect, who are not frequently troubled to find suitable themes. The repertory of a sound Calvinistic divine is soon exhausted, and unless he will continually repeat himself, he must go off from the narrow field of theology proper. The Italian preacher finds no such difficulty. He is embarrassed rather by the infinite range and variety of subjects which he may lawfully handle. His province is the whole domain of doctrine and ceremony, of history and biography, of heaven, of earth, and of purgatory, which no man may exhaust in a lifetime. The crowded ecclesiastical year assigns for every day an appropriate topic. Every week is supplied with a full tale of saints, the dozen or the score, which the decrees of the Vatican periodically swell. To explain the canons of Trent and the ancient Councils is a much longer work than to tell the changes of the Thirty-nine Articles or the Westminster Confession, and might appall the strongest preacher who should eschew all but theology and religious law. In the mere range of abstract and logical preaching, a Catholic has great advantage. His chance here is in the same proportion as the *Summa* of Thomas Aquinas to the Institutes of Calvin. It takes him longer than the Protestant to master the materials of his study. But he has this advantage, that he can never use them up, and that he needs not utter, when the Saturday morning comes, that despairing Protestant cry, "What shall I preach about?"

But when to the dialectics and dogmas of the Roman Church we add its fruitful and teeming history, we see at once that the range of subjects is almost endless. An Italian preacher has not only all that the Scripture and the creeds give him, but the writings of the Fathers to aid his explanations. It is his pious duty to identify the Church of to-day with the Church of the early centuries, and trace God's providence in the developments of thought and sentiment from the Clements and Augustines downward. A Protestant may indulge in these

historical excursions in evening lectures, or in week-day classes, but seems to be departing from the sphere of the pulpit if he make them the topic of Sunday discourse. They are perfectly in place in an Italian pulpit. Gregory there is as good as Paul, and Jerome has an authority as great as John. It is lawful not merely to interpret the writings, but to celebrate the lives, of the great men of the Church. Indeed, a large half of every prominent preacher's pulpit performance is devoted to panegyric. It is an honor to magnify distinguished saints, like St. Bernard, or St. Charles of Milan, and it is a credit to rescue from their unmerited obscurity the humbler names of the calendar. The general history of the Church would seem to furnish enough of this material. But beside this, there are everywhere local and special histories which have religious events and lives that one may seize and observe. As one studies in the library at Sienna the records of the various religious communities in the Tuscan state, — their fortunes, their sacrifices, their registers of benevolence, of money given and money received, — of devotion in time of famine, of boldness in days of terror, of the genius which wrought to round their domes and adorn their walls, and of the virtue which is hidden within their tombs, inscribed in the long annals of those old parchment folios, — he can well imagine that the pulpits of Florence need never be without a stirring theme from their own history. The mosaics and the monuments of Ravenna and Venice dictate to the pulpits there. The preacher of the Church of St. Dominic in Bologna has an endless variety of suitable themes within the sweep of his eye in that wonderful edifice. The triumphs of art, when illustrating religion, as shown in the works of Guido and Michael Angelo; the great services to faith of him who instituted the order of "Preachers," and founded the Tribunal of the Holy Office; the ancient victories of the republic, fighting for God against the tyranny of Cæsar; the symbols of human law, the handmaid of spiritual truth; the stories in wood and stone of the lives of holy men, — all quicken him to eloquent words. In such a presence it were hard to be silent.

It is not strange that so much of the Italian preaching

should be of local and historical biography, about men and their deeds and their influence, rather than about abstract ideas. There is, however, one lack which may be noted as rather singular, and that is, the neglect to use the beauties of Nature as a theme for pulpit discourse. If there be anywhere a land which should, by its field and forest, its rock and river, its mountain and plain, — its sunny slopes, and fertile meadows, and clustering vineyards, and blue, encircling sea, and soft, embracing sky, — suggest themes to the preacher, it is the Italian land. Nature there has lavished her bounties, and the landscape is a perpetual song of praise. Yet this is the most infrequent subject of religious oratory. The daily miracles of light and beauty on that fair land seem to be all unheeded in its sanctuaries. The prodigies which liquefying blood or a fragment of a saint's robe have wrought, are more worthy of mention than the blessing of bare existence in such a Paradise. In vain (according to our experience) one waits in the churches of Naples to hear any recognition of that beauty of situation which has made its terraced crescent the praise of the whole earth. We have searched in the sermons of Professor Savio for some mention of that rural loveliness which inspired the Pagan bard of Mantua, but in vain. There are fine tributes to the memory of native saints, Gonzagas and Montaldis; but no word of the smooth-gliding Mincius, or of the smiling plain with its abundant harvests.

In ages past, the Italian pulpit did good service in the cause of civil freedom. The Medicis and the Sforzas found a barrier to their tyranny in the harangues of priest and monk. At present, we presume, the pulpit of Italy is, in regard to public affairs, what our pious politicians would have the American pulpit to be, — silent, except to apologize for existing abuses and to praise the powers that rule. It cannot be doubted that there are many who feel like Gavazzi, and would rival his eloquence, if they could speak freely. But the chance is nowhere given them. Yet these are few in proportion. Nearly all who have any pulpit gifts are on the side of "Law and Order," — which means submission to Austrian bayonets, Papal bulls, and the whims of King Bomba. In this particular, they would satisfy

the New York Observer, and atone for the multitude of idolatries which they commend. In some parts of Italy, indeed, the connection of religion with politics is bravely discussed. We have before us a treatise, printed by the Royal Press at Turin, on "The Union of Politics with Morality, — how far it is possible to use the Ethics of Private Life in the Government of States," — which adopts substantially the views of the Prussian Garve, and with much subtlety advocates what would be called startling radicalism elsewhere than in the Vatican. It is necessary, nevertheless, even in Turin, to make many exceptions and apologies for the doctrine that kings ought to be as "privates" in their character, and cardinals ought to act in conclave like honest men in business. In Rome, the Index would speedily settle the fate of such a work. The logic of the Church may take any shape but that. Theoretical politics would hardly be allowed, though veiled in the most obscure and indirect phrase. And any criticism, in Rome, of the actual works of rulers would transport the offender even from the house of Loyola to the cells of Civita Vecchia.

We have spoken of the great advantage which the Italian pulpit has in the number and variety of its themes. Yet we may add that Italian preaching is eminently Scriptural. This is supposed to be a peculiar excellence of Puritan sermons. One who has enjoyed the ministrations of the old school of preachers in this part of the world would not expect to learn anything new about Scriptural sermonizing. It is, nevertheless, true, that preachers of that land where the Bible is said to be forbidden make at least as much use of the sacred volume as the preachers of this land, where the annual yield and spread of Bibles is so surprising. Not only is the preaching textual, glittering with passages from every book of Scripture, quoted for their likeness of sound not less than their identity of sense, but it abounds in Scripture stories and illustrations, told with all the animation of fresh narrations. It is interesting to hear events which a Protestant minister would barely mention, presuming them to be familiar to all his hearers, enlarged upon as novelties, — the story of Joseph, of David, of Jonah, of Jesus, repeated with that

minuteness which belongs to the rehearsal of the latest news. This may argue that the people do not have the Bible in their homes, since it is necessary to tell them what they ought already to know. But it certainly gives a pleasant Scriptural tone to the homilies, and saves them from becoming that worst of all Biblical annoyances, — a catalogue of proof-texts. The Italian preacher gives you the flesh and blood of Scripture, and not its dry bones.

And nowhere more than in the use of Scripture is manifested what we may consider the most striking peculiarity of Italian preaching, — its scenic and dramatic character. It passes before the eye as a succession of pictures and acts, of monologues and dialogues. The saint disputes with the sinner, Satan holds parley with Christ and the Virgin, and the Almighty reasons with his creature in the season of meditation. The nicest metaphysical arguments take this dramatic form, and though no name may be called, personality seems to be brought into them. While no preaching in the world deals more in casuistry and verbal distinctions, the tedium of these is relieved by the constant rise and fall of living tides, which keep the argument billowy and sparkling. Some pointed metaphor, or some quaint passage from Scripture or the Fathers, comes in to finish the long reach of the involved syllogism, and break it off delightfully. The rhetorical forms of the sentences are full of life. Where a Scotch Presbyterian would enunciate a heavy proposition, the Italian asks a question, or makes an ejaculation, not in the nervous style of French oratory, but with a grave earnestness, which preserves at once vivacity and dignity. The printed page of a volume of Italian sermons bristles with points of interrogation and wonder. Every second sentence is finished by the pastoral crook, or the pilgrim's staff (as these grammatical points are sometimes interpreted to children). "Want of spirit" is not a charge which can be brought against the Italian pulpit.

This dramatic vivacity is remarkable even in the printed volumes. But it is marvellously exhibited by the bearing and delivery of the preacher. The Italian preacher is as much an actor as the Italian comedian. His gestures, his postures, the play of his voice, the

changes of expression in his face, the adjustments of his dress, are half, often wholly, theatrical. The prim monotone of the English pulpit and the pious drawl of Puritanism are a long remove from even the most respectable style of Italy. The preacher is not afraid to shout, to start, and to sigh in the pulpit. Now his voice is a cry which echoes back from the lofty arches, or lingers ringing like the *Miserere*, and now it drops to a whisper which is felt rather than heard. As he tells some thrilling tale, which works up to its climax, lifting himself as his story goes on, you can see in what anxious suspense he holds his hearers. It may be, as we remember, the scene of the judgment of Solomon between the rival mothers. How the congregation shudder, when the sword seems to fall before their eyes upon the living child! In what breathless silence they listen for the verdict! How speedily, too, the painful tension is removed by some quaint remark, which sends a smile running over the face of the crowd, like the sunshine after the passage of a summer cloud over a meadow. The Italian preacher does not disdain a laugh for himself or for his hearers, though he loves more to move them to tears. His style is the impassioned style, but it has its numerous points of relief. Its tone is adapted to its theme, and it has not the plaint of a dirge when it tells of heaven and holiness.

The thorough knowledge of his discourse before he enters the pulpit enables the preacher to speak with more ease and freedom. He has not to decipher a manuscript by the "dim religious light," but it is all in his memory before it falls from his tongue. The imitations of Catholic architecture in some of our churches have proved to be severe trials to our reading preachers. But the gray dusk of a Roman November helps the preacher to produce his effect. There is nothing more impressive than an afternoon discourse in Advent in one of the old Roman churches, where the preacher's voice and form seem, in the vast peopled space, a spectral shape and utterance, contrasting with the marble forms which stand so silently. Another source of relief is in the preacher's change of position. When he teaches, explains some passage of Scripture, or quotes from the Fathers, he assumes the proper academic position;—he

sits, and his pulpit is a professor's chair. When he exhorts or declaims, he rises, reaches forward, and seems almost ready to leap from his place. When he paints a scene, he runs from side to side, points in every direction, and makes of his pulpit a mimic stage. When his sermon becomes a prayer, his body drops almost to a kneeling posture. This change of position is managed so well, that it appears natural and graceful. It has always seemed to us hard that the old Puritan divines should have been compelled to stand through the everlasting subdivisions of their two-hour sermons, — to deliver, in the orator's posture, their elaborate refinements of exegesis.

The Italian sermons do not abound in subdivisions. The preacher usually prefers to comprehend all he has to say under three general heads, or to divide his subject squarely into two parts. Sometimes he is obliged to make five points; but, so far as we have noticed, that number is not often exceeded. Sometimes he indulges in a double introduction, one appropriate to the theme, another appropriate to the day. His peroration is short, and often wholly wanting. It is less needed, since the exhortation and application usually go along with the argument. Where the theme is a simple one, the second part gives the practical conclusion of what was argued in the first. The text is not usually named in the beginning, but occurs in the course of the exordium, which terminates in a short prayer. This, indeed, is the model for all Continental sermons, Protestant as well as Catholic, and it has more reason than the English method of naming a passage of Scripture, and then proceeding to a course of remark which it neither suggests nor resembles. The texts of many of our printed American sermons, and of many more which are not printed, have about as much fitness to the discourses which follow them, as the porticos of the Boston Court-House to the building which they garnish. The text of a sermon ought to be found in it rather than upon it, in its ideas rather than on its cover. An Italian anniversary discourse would not be likely to bear the title of "Christ and Him crucified."

It is rather remarkable that a style so dramatic should preserve so well the dignity proper to that form of ad-

dress. The colloquial form does not compel vulgar words or phrases. Even in Naples, where the dialect of the streets is an almost ludicrous corruption of the vernacular, the language of the church is pure and intelligible. The comical attitudes of a Jesuit preacher there may resemble those of Punch, but his speech is according to rule and good taste. With reasonable knowledge of the language, a foreigner can understand the sermons in any part of Italy. Where the Latin tongue is used, as in the Sistine Chapel, and before the Cardinals at the great festivals, pains is taken to give polish and musical flow to the sentences. Indeed, to an ear sensitive to musical sounds, these cadences are so bewitching, that in their pleasure the meaning is apt to be neglected. The effect of a Latin sermon from Padre Marco is like that of the opera. The threatenings are so smooth and harmonious that they lose their terror; and that rugged, angular force which characterizes the great oratory of the Saxon pulpit is softened to a rounded melody. The Italian sermons are to those of Germany what the verdant swells of the Apennines are to the crags and gorges of the steeper Alps. "Hell" ceases to be so savage when it is prolonged to the soft "L'Inferno," and "Heaven" becomes more charming when it is pictured as "Il Paradiso." The Devil, who is a very real personage in all Catholic lands, and is believed in by priest and doctor as devoutly as by peasant, is not so formidable when his deeds are recited in the Tuscan tongue.

Italy, half-way between the prosaic isle of England and the romantic clime of Arabia, might be expected to hold a just mean between the dry style of the English pulpit and the redundant imagery of the East. We find it to be so. Without the hyperbole which overlays and gilds all speech of Moslem lands, the Italian pulpit has enough of metaphor to make its argument glow, and to suggest in its dialectics those things which the senses love. Its panegyrics are not constrained to severe estimates of character, but indulge in fanciful flights and flowery episodes. The imagination is largely drawn upon. This, indeed, is not peculiar to the pulpit of any nation. Many Protestant preachers are able, with vivid fancy, to describe the doings of God in the prime-

val time, and to report the debates of the Trinity before all worlds. The Italian imagination, however, does not invent a history from the small nucleus of a doctrine, but applies itself rather to embellish actual history and existing legend. One branch of fanciful preaching, extremely popular beyond the mountains, is quite neglected in the Peninsula, — the development of prophecy. They hang garlands upon the monuments of their saints, but they do not weave into gaudy tissue the slender filaments which they can draw from the Hebrew and Christian rolls of vision. It may be said, that, in interpreting the Apocalypse and the sights of Ezekiel, the Papal pulpit would be self-condemned. Its preachers, fortunately, seem quite unconscious that they belong to Babylon, whose doom the Lord hath spoken.

Another peculiarity of the Italian pulpit is, that it is all-credulous, and not at all critical. It has nothing to overthrow, only to explain and commend the truths which all believe, and eulogize the virtues which all acknowledge. It has not the existing crime of heresy or of schism to compel any polemic onslaughts. In Paris, the preachers of St. Roch and the Madeleine know that there are chapels around them where an oratory more brilliant than their own illustrates a free and almost infidel Gospel. Lacordaire had in Coquerel a rival whom he dreaded. In those churches, attacks upon dangerous error are very common, and the spirit of the Huguenot era is sedulously fostered on either side. But Italy is undisturbed by any conception of heresy, except in the rebellious realm of Piedmont. The people are kept in ignorance that there is such a thing as Protestantism, and that there is any church other than the Holy Church of Rome. It is rare daring that will expose the portraits of Luther and Melancthon in a private gallery. Even the sons of noblemen are surprised to learn that any not Catholic claim to be Christian. Of course where there is such unconsciousness of the existence of error, conflict with it is superfluous. All think that they believe, no matter how hard the subject of belief, whether the truths of the Catechism or the new miracles of recent saints. Heresy, indeed, is presented as a sin, but rather as a traditional than an actual evil. It is not to be argued with or

to be admitted to the privilege of debate. In the eulogies of the Italian pulpit upon its saints, much mention is made of their brave conflicts with false doctrine. Happily, the faithful of the present day are exempt from such conflicts.

Nor are Italian sermons, according to our experience, very direct in their dealing with real sins. The ethical code of Italy is not very strict, and great latitude of practice is allowed, if confession and penance are only regularly observed. The faithful are rather enjoined to use the means of expiating sins, than to shun the sins themselves. The offences most frequently blamed are neglect of ritual commands, and of special religious duties. A good deal is said about the sanctions and foundations of virtue, but not much about the ways and marks of individual virtues. The exceeding sinfulness of sin is picturesquely exhibited, and the terrible destiny to which sin exposes its victim is painted in brilliant color; but that intermediate condition of the sinner to-day and now — what he *is*, rather than what he was or he shall be — is not much cared for. As a teacher of daily practical morality, the Italian pulpit does not accomplish much, and does not attempt much. In fact, it proposes to save man in his future, rather than to help him in his present life, and it keeps distinctly in view the separation between his natural and his supernatural state. The one is for the civil law to hold and bind. The other is for the Church, by its prayers and its canons, to guide and control.

But if the Italian Church is negligent of actual sins, it is not careless of positive practical virtues. Nowhere are the Beatitudes more earnestly commended. Nowhere is the duty of kindness to the poor, of visiting the sick, of relief to the suffering, of alms-giving and self-denial, more variously explained and urged. The beggary of Italy may be due, as Protestants insist, to the swarms of lazy monks and priests which infest the land, and devour all its fruit and greenness. Yet the pulpit is not heedless of the poverty of the people. Its appeals continually reinforce the institutions of charity, which are the noblest monuments of the ancient Church. The rich are exhorted to give of their abundance, and the high-born to abase themselves to works of humility,

in terms which shame the timid and mincing dialect of our Protestant charity sermons. We heard a preacher in Rome, in one of the most aristocratic of its churches, who boldly declared that no man who did not give a tenth of his income, and devote at least one day in the week to works of benevolence, had any chance for the kingdom of Heaven. "Not a thousand masses," said he, "should rescue that man's soul from Purgatory." The enduring brotherhood of the *Misericordia* is a symbol of the spirit of the Italian pulpit. The effect, indeed, is rather curious, when a dignitary of the Church, in his magnificent attire, and the prestige of his position, talks about humility, and leaves the pulpit where he has exhorted them to remember compassion and brotherly love, to ride in his gilded carriage, with his powdered lackeys, through the throng of beggars to whom he throws no largess. But the praise of charity must not be the encouragement of beggary or the violation of etiquette, in which no government is more punctilious than the Papal. The Pope may bless the crowd with his fat fingers, but he must not scatter coins among them, except at the regular time and in the regular way. The earnest preaching of positive virtues does not help them much, certainly in outward appearance.

The chief duty which the Italian pulpit of to-day both preaches and practises, is the worship of the Virgin Mary. This had for many years been increasing in fervor up to that memorable time when the Holy Ghost directed, through the Head of the Church, all Christians to believe in her spotless birth on penalty of damnation. The final proclamation of this long-expected dogma has made it the absorbing theme and the paramount virtue of the preacher. Mary must be glorified, though all men shall be liars. In the months of May and December, every faithful preacher feels bound to celebrate the loveliness and the holiness of the Mother of God. The first is her peculiar month, set apart not less by its freshness as the flowery month than by its Pagan analogy, which runs through all the arrangement of the Roman ritual. It is fit that the Mother of Jesus, messenger of Jehovah, should adopt the season which Pagans gave to the mother of Mercury, messenger of Jove. The other month, in which occurs the festival

of the "Immaculate Conception," has now a double right to be called the crowning season of the year, and is, moreover, by its gloom and inclemency, favorable to in-door gatherings. The "fair-weather" rule in Italy works in contrary way to that which suggests our New England epithet. When the sun is shining, an Italian prefers to enjoy its beams in a lounge or a stroll. But rain sends him to the sacred shelter of the place of prayer. We found on the dark Santa Lucia in Naples, on a stormy night, an audience gathered in an obscure church, to hear the honors of the Virgin rehearsed, which would be counted large for a Charity Lecture in Boston on the fairest night in the year.

Besides these special months, the numerous festivals of Mary are so judiciously distributed, that it is "in order" to preach about her in almost any part of the year. Mariolatry, in fact, is the background on which the pulpit-pictures of Italy are all wrought. Whatever else a church may lack, it must be poor indeed if it has not some image or picture or mosaic of the Virgin, to sanctify all its teachings. Happy is the church which owns one of St. Luke's Madonnas. It needs no other inspiration, though that small treasure will be sure to multiply in its keeping sixty and a hundred fold. Can there be any doubt what is the first duty of citizens of Bologna, when the Virgin invites to come up where she dwells, and see how an Evangelist loved her?

A more important question than any that has been touched in this light sketch relates to the course which the preachers of Italy would be likely to take in case of new revolutions in the States, and their influence in the cause of Italian unity and freedom. There are those who affirm that the patriotism of the Italian clergy is not dead, but only slumbering, — that the spirit of Arnold of Brescia lives under many a cowl and robe, — that these drilled militia of the Church are rebellious, and only wait their chance to do such a work in Italy as was done by Ronge and his brethren in the German land. How just this assertion is, it is impossible to say. It is certainly not warranted by anything that one hears from the pulpit in Italy, or by the few sermons that get into print and are read by the people. We must wait for the political catastrophe, before we can pronounce upon the course

which the preachers will pursue. Of late, rumors have come to us of a Sardinian schism which shall wholly divorce the realm, already under ban, from its religious dependence upon Rome, and make the liberal king the head of a national Church. These rumors want confirmation. Protestantism, indeed, exists in Sardinia, and is protected. In the centre of Genoa and of Turin Reformed worship is maintained, and respectable congregations are gathered on Sunday. We need not allude to the Waldenses, since every Evangelical tourist is tempted off from the beaten route to see and describe their simple communities, the relics of a martyr age. We are afraid, nevertheless, that the hopes for Protestantism in Sardinia are not destined to be speedily realized. The property of the convents may be confiscated, but the people are Catholics at heart; they love their religion, its rites, its prayers, and its pageants. It is bound too intimately with the holy and heroic memories of their land. We noticed a larger population of *men* in the churches of Turin than in any other Italian city.

Judging by the sermons that are printed and that one hears, intense servility to the Pope is as characteristic of the Italian pulpit as an ardent devotion to the Virgin. And we give, in closing, as a specimen at once of the style and thought of the learned Savio, the last sentences of his sermon upon "The Pope."

"The Pope has reverence in heaven and earth; keep it carefully then, ye mortals, with respectful eye. None shall insult with impunity the Vicar of Christ. The anger of God will rain upon the head of him who dares to harm the head of all the faithful. All who dare to butt against him will take back only a broken forehead. To contend with the Pope is a sin which calls for vengeance at the foot of the Lamb's throne. It is scandal in all the world, and the best service that can be rendered to Satan. Moreover, who can be at rest in such a foolish conflict? Who can do real harm to the Supreme Pontiff? The lightning of heaven will blast the sacrilegious hand as a tree in the forest. Think always of the seventh Pius. What did it harm him that he was snatched treacherously from his seat in Rome? From the top of the Alps, while he was dragged along, his voice spoke comfort and hope to one and another nation. And when it seemed that his bark had bent itself fatally to the wave of evil fortune, then suddenly it righted, the skies came clear; gloriously he returned to the seat of dominion in the Eternal City; and after

him, we have seen a Leo, another Pius, a Gregory, and now Pius again, ninth of the name. If again the calm of our country shall be broken, and peace shall depart from an age perverse in its wilful folly; if reason shall die in the reign of the senses, from which rebellion boils up in the family of man; if confusion shall come upon all minds, and unbridled lusts shall rage like the furious waves of the sea,—still we shall be secure while we stay under the watch of the Pope, since he is that chief shepherd to whom was given the ruling of all the flock: ‘Pasce agnos meos, pasce oves meas’; since he is that judge infallible and sure, of whom it was said, that he shall not fall from the faith: ‘Rogavi pro te, ut non deficiat fides tua’; since he is that priest of loftiest dignity to whom was given in charge all the priestly conclave: ‘Et tu aliquando conversus, confirma fratres tuos’; and since he is that stable and immovable foundation on which the Church of Christ is fixed: ‘Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam, et portæ inferi non prævalebunt adversus eam.’”

C. H. B.

ART. VII.—DR. SPRAGUE'S ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN PULPIT.*

IN a community like our own, there is talent, aptitude, and a natural love for every service of necessity and every generous labor for others. Tasks which to the majority of persons would be of a most uninviting character are seized upon by persons enough to do them well, with a hearty devotion that proves a congeniality between the work and its enthusiastic laborers. While some are tasking their skill in abstractions, and others are exercising their fancies in inventions, the severer toils of the mind which are engaged upon matters of fact and date and incident, as they relate to classes of human beings, are generally found to require for their faithful pursuit the impulse of some enthusiasm of the heart. Such

* *Annals of the American Pulpit; or Commemorative Notices of Distinguished Clergymen of Various Denominations, from the Early Settlement of the Country to the Close of the Year 1855. With Historical Introductions.* By WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D.D. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. 1857. 2 vols. Royal 8vo. pp. xxvii. and 723, 778.

labor inspired by such enthusiasm presents to us its noble fruits in the two remarkable volumes whose title we have just copied. We admire the generosity and the magnanimity of the author in his design, the patience and perseverance with which he has pursued it, and the wisdom and ingenuity which he has exhibited in enlisting the aid of others in a way which, so far from impairing in any feature the excellence of his own method, has largely helped to perfect and crown it. The help of his friends has been made to conform incidentally to his own ends of instruction, fidelity, and Christian charity.

Dr. Sprague tells us, that he has spent ten years of labor on this work. By this he means, the rescued hours and the spare moments left free, during a space of ten years, from the almost engrossing cares of a large parish. Behind the actual amount of labor spent in the study during the progress of the work, are to be presumed as lying the mental discipline of his previous life, and the time given to the formation and improvement of a very wide circle of correspondents. The culture of heart and judgment necessary to a kindly and a wise plan for such an undertaking must have engaged the author to a very good purpose, as is proved in the spirit and method of his work. Many watchful and jealous eyes, many sensitive hearts, would be sure to scan the memorials here given of their dearest friends. Infelicities of phrase, excessive eulogies, venturesome comparisons, a disclosure of secrets, or incidental reminiscences turning light upon what were better left to forgetfulness, were to be especially guarded against. Authenticity and accuracy, the prime essentials of such memorials, are qualities which the best intentions will not, and the most diligent pains cannot, always secure. Some of the most ready helpers in such a design tend to a length in their contributions which is not always consistent with the brevity of human life or the patience of readers, while other contributors are provokingly brief where they would be most interesting. It would be a curious question in literary mathematics, whether an author who plans a great, comprehensive work like this is relieved or embarrassed by invoking the joint agency of others.

Dr. Sprague's whole plan involves the compilation of memorials of all American Protestant ministers of every

denomination, "who were eminent for their talents, their acquirements, or their usefulness, or who were particularly distinguished in their history," from the settlement of the country down to the year 1855. With a most delicate regard, in all cases, to matters involving opinions or judgments about private character, the author's plan secures itself at that point against the objection most likely to be brought first and very emphatically against his undertaking. The next most venturesome element in such a work would be the dealing with distinguishing religious convictions, as attaching to classes of ministers, or distributed among individuals of each class. Most wisely has Dr. Sprague protected himself against the possibility of offending in either of these directions. We have as yet, in the two volumes before us, the memorials of only the Trinitarian Congregational ministers. As the author's subjects so far have been found principally within the range of New England, where that class of ministers are indigenous, and to which until recently they have been for the most part confined, he may be supposed to have some facilities from his own training, sympathy, and acquaintanceship here, which will fail him in the further working out of his plan. But he has given full proof of right intentions, and, as will appear from our further account of his method, it will rather be the fault of others than of himself, if there is any falling off in the excellence of his volumes, as they embrace ministers of other communions and other regions of our land.

For the memorials of all such ministers as died previous to 1770, the author has relied wholly upon previously existing records. Beginning with ministers surviving or still in service at that time, and coming down to the obituary list of the year 1855, he has availed himself of all printed sources of information, but has added many a charm of freshness and vigor to his pages, by seeking letters and other communications from those best able to contribute the most valuable aid of those kinds. These original contributions are of primary authority, authentic, graphic, generally of exceeding interest, often of a most delightful tone and style and substance, and always sufficiently personal within the limits of safety, good taste, and harmlessness. Some of the

rarest and choicest specimens of the epistles of scholarly, intelligent, and loving or sympathizing friends of the departed, are to be found on these delightful pages. We can scarcely conceive of a design more aptly and felicitously adapted to engage the pens of some of the wisest and best men, and some of the most cultivated writers, in the country. Occasionally, too, we come upon the contribution of some less practised pen, guided by the loving affection of the heart rather than by the graces of skilful composition, and the page is, we will not say more, but we will say, equally engaging. These letters, generally, are characteristic of their writers, as well as of their subjects. Compared with the materials in print from which Dr. Sprague has necessarily drawn, they are like the dewy flowers and the green grass growing over graves where tears have been freshly shed, in contrast with withered chaplets hung over crumbling monuments.

A reader who is compelled to make the most economical use of his time will be naturally disposed to turn over these stout volumes in search of their gems. We are not going to offer help to anybody in that ungracious service. Such gems there are scattered all through the volumes, and not sparsely. There is no telling where they will or will not be found, by consulting the index or the table of contents. Pleasant and impressive sentences, suggestive and exciting relations, brilliant and fascinating turns of expression, start out often where they are least expected. Reminiscences of the olden time, and quaint modes of relation, befitting the hazy atmosphere which floats between the dead and their living delineators, give a wonderful charm to these pages. The letters of Professor Park on Dr. Emmons and O. A. Taylor; those of Dr. Parsons Cooke on Samuel Hopkins, 2d; of President Stearns on William M. Rogers; of Dr. Waterbury on Dr. Lyman of Hatfield, the Pope of the beautiful valley of the Connecticut; of Judge White on President Willard; of Rufus Choate on President Brown of Dartmouth; of Professor Francis on Dr. Osgood of Medford; of Dr. Cox on President Haskell of the University of Vermont; and of Dr. Frothingham on Professor McKean, — cover a very wide variety of subjects, are in themselves most remarkable compositions, and are emi-

nently characteristic of the marked gifts, abilities, or graces of their respective writers.

Very many ministers, who are incidentally mentioned in the text, have the important facts of their life briefly related in foot-notes. So that in the text and notes we have memorials of more than five hundred of the profession. The letters which have been contributed by friends and acquaintances of the subjects of them come from about five hundred and forty different writers. Of these, at least eighty have died since they furnished their contributions to Dr. Sprague; and of these eighty contributors, fifty-two, instead of being spared to read in print what they had written, come in themselves for a memorial on the pages. This solemn element in the substance of these volumes — in keeping with the thousand other elements and incidents of our transient earthly way — is in unison, in impressive accord, with all the characteristics of their contents. Six of the contributors to the work were between ninety and a hundred years of age when writing their letters; and four of these are still alive. One contributor has passed his century of years. The venerable President Quincy, whose life and vigor seem to be prolonged to enhance and deepen the profound regard cherished for his high virtues, gives us most touchingly his fresh memories, recalled from a past of fourscore years, as a tribute to Dr. French of Andover. The venerable Dr. Jenks, — himself almost a lonely specimen of the ancient scholarship, urbanity, refinement, and courtesy of the best of the old class of the New England ministers, — in his letter upon Dr. Holmes of Cambridge, gives us all a model for the wise reserve and the guarded respect becoming memorials of the honored dead whose trials were embittered by controversy.

And what is the conviction wrought in the mind, the sentiment that moves the heart, of a not wholly unsympathizing reader, as he peruses these crowded pages of faithful personal memorials? The conviction must be, that the distinguished and laborious author of the work has spent his grateful toil for a noble purpose. The sentiment must be one of appreciating regard for the class of men whose characters and services are here delineated. We do not know how a Christian minister could better testify his own entire devotion to his sacred call-

ing, and the fulness of his own Christian charity, than in planning such a work as this. He manifests the temper of his own spirit by recognizing so wide a circle of fellow-laborers in it. He triumphs over all the prepossessions of his own peculiar fellowship by this very expressive way of binding his sympathies with those who are traversing different circles round a centre supposed to be common to all. If Dr. Sprague had not begun his work under the best impulse of Christian love, the manner in which he has accomplished it would prove that he had acquired that grace in the progress of it, through its own necessary influences. We have been imagining to ourselves the extent and compass of his letter-files, the variety, yes, the maze of their contents, the diligence of his correspondence, and the assiduity of his inquiries for those to whom he might put other inquiries. We think we have formed a new conception of the uses of post-offices and mails, when we have realized how much hard work they have done for Dr. Sprague alone. We have heard of him as a *collector* of autographs. If he is but moderately regardful of the Scripture precept, "Freely ye have received, freely give," he must be the man of all the millions of our land to whom those in search of such treasures may most confidently apply as an overflowing source for their distribution.

The author informs his readers, that he had intended to introduce each series of his sketches with a history of the Christian denomination whose ministers made its subject-matter, but has felt compelled to abandon the purpose. He had obtained, as a contribution to his original design, an elaborate History of the Congregational Church, from the pen of Professor Emerson of Andover. From this document Dr. Sprague has condensed an Historical Introduction for his present volumes. This is judicious, interesting, and true, in its brief and comprehensive statement. We notice in it but one accidental sentence which invites our dissenting comment. The Massachusetts Synods, called by the Legislature in 1657 and 1662, on account of the grievances complained of by those who were denied their civil rights, as freemen and candidates for office because they were not church-members, did not give a fair redress. The action of some of the churches under this decision is said to have

"excited the rage of some ambitious spirits who were still kept from office." As we have already allowed that this imputation of bad motives to those who demanded their civil rights without complying with the terms of a creed which they could not accept, is evidently an accident, from a mere slip of the pen, we will pass it by.

Incidentally, the question may come up, Where, through all these pages, do we find Dr. Sprague himself? We answer, everywhere. The whole work is his, in the best sense, in plan, execution, and spirit. His "General Preface," especially, is a most agreeable and congenial relation of the method of his labor; and its modest rehearsal of the author's design, with the full reasons for consciousness that he has so far succeeded in it, bring us naturally to the grateful vow heavenward which closes it.

A word now upon the class of men for whom Dr. Sprague has proved himself so amiable and accomplished a memorialist, — the New England clergy, — yes, the Orthodox New England clergy, — as only of them have we as yet the intended record. The theme is to us ever a grateful one. No strength or length of dissent in our own minds from what are supposed to have been their common convictions in metaphysical and doctrinal divinity will ever qualify our veneration for their piety, or our estimate of their noble service in church and state, in all our cherished institutions. We have dropped a word which implies our own doubt as to whether they did accord so nearly as they are generally supposed to have done in their doctrinal opinions. For ourselves, we do not believe that they did. We should not think so highly of them as we do, if we saw reason to ascribe to men of such various composition and culture a uniformity of belief. It would detract much from our estimate of them if we thought it could be proved that they even professed a full accordance of opinion on matters upon which it has been fully demonstrated that intelligent and free minds cannot think independently without believing differently. It does not in the least weaken our confidence in the fact that they really differed, to be told that they held to the same belief in "substance of doctrine." That cunning but very convenient phrase came into use here only when

acknowledged differences had gone so far as to cover a real disagreement, not only outside of the "substance," but also as to what constituted that substance. Whenever new terms of language come into use in doctrinal discussions, they always indicate more or less of change in the opinions which need the new terms for their expression, and it is always safe to infer that the actual variation in thought and belief will fill out the largest compass of the word used to express it, or to apologize for it. There is truth enough to allow of its going unchallenged in the general statement, that five hundred of the Orthodox ministers of New England held substantially to the Orthodox divinity. But how they held it, and how they preached it, and how they felt about it and treated it in their own minds, and what else they held and preached with it, are questions within which lies a larger scope for *substantial* differences among them than would need to be proved to warrant our opinion concerning them.

We apprehend that down to our own times it has been with the town and country clergy of New England very much as it was with our town and country physicians. They were formally introduced to the fellowships of their respective brotherhoods, by virtual pledges of conformity to the scientific standards of their professions; they renounced quackeries and empiricism; they were resolutely hostile to all who leaped the fences, instead of coming in with a befitting introduction at the doors of their folds; they used the terminology of their arts; they recognized certain venerable authorities, which they loved to quote in the dead languages, over living subjects, — and some of these dead formulas were in English, as well as in Latin; they could consult understandingly with each other over their respective cases of interest, and they may have had some considerable uniformity, one with another, in the usual routine of professional life. When some painstaking physician, with an historical and biographical vein in him, shall do for his brethren what Dr. Sprague is doing for the clergy, we shall have brought out in detail points of comparison between the two professions, illustrating the fact that their accordance in "substance of doctrine" or of theory was subordinated to the action

of common sense in each individual, to the utmost freedom in the working out of the specialities of their composition, and to more or less dependence upon simples and nostrums approved in their own private experience. Some physicians are known to have had great confidence in "old women's remedies," and others to have had great contempt for them. Something similar might be said of the clergy. Our village and town physicians, who, after years of service, were regarded as oracles in the profession, had thrown off many of the old theories, and trusted to their own penetration as well as to the common-sense philosophy of life. Their general reputation may have protected them under some incidental failures through rashness or carelessness. Where they had nostrums of their own, they generally preferred to administer the mixture themselves, without letting it go out of their hands, still less giving the recipe to others, — a shrewd precaution, which has saved many heretical ministers. We are inclined to believe that even what are regarded as quite modern heresies in medical practice, including even homœopathy, had their secret abettors in the good old times. Still, the old doctors practised generally according to "the rules of the profession." If patients recovered, it proved the excellence of the rules; if they died in spite of the science, the science was not at fault. The country physician's method was, doubtless, conformed to a general theory; but all that marked his individuality, and much of what constituted his eminence, lay in his own discerning gifts, — in his use of his experience, and in his ventures beyond the trammels of the established course. The saddle-bags which he carried over hill and valley contained more or less of home manufacture, in simple or in potent pills and concoctions; probably, however, he was generally careful to have enough of foreign drugs to permeate with their odor the leather case which contained them. We think so highly of the native manhood, the workings of original and acquired powers, and the loyalty to a noble soul-freedom caught from the Gospel, in the make and methods of the old New England clergy, as to feel quite sure that they were as independent in their speculations as the physicians were in their practice. The ministration of religion, as well as that of medicine, recognized

the province of common sense as lying sometimes short of, and sometimes beyond, the technics of the profession. The flavor of Calvinism in a few sentences of a strong, a reasonable, and a practical sermon, has doubtless been the warrant for orthodoxy to many ministers, as the drug-smell about a doctor's saddle-bags has added the dignity of conservatism to the boldness of an untheorizing treatment of invalids. The light of nature, too, was a source of ever expanding and increasing instruction, which neither of these classes of men repudiated, and which, according as they individually saw more or less clearly by it, shone brighter and brighter where their theories were dark. The wise and faithful men of either profession acknowledged the supreme dependence of mortals, in their sicknesses of soul and body, upon the Great Physician. But among those ministers who are said to have held "for substance of doctrine" man's ruined and helpless state, were doubtless many who, even in their preaching, recognized, as did the physician, something answering to the recuperative energies of the system, and the *vis medicatrix naturæ*.

That, living amid the hills and valleys of New England, five hundred ministers agreed in the substance of their doctrinal views, is an assertion which must either be suspended as to its truth and meaning upon some quibbling about the signification of a word, or maintained at the sacrifice of that claim for fidelity to Protestantism and independence which we set up for these men. There is vagueness enough in the terms used for expressing doctrinal formulas to cover a world of differences in the minds back of the lips which utter them. It has invariably proved true, that, when a considerable company of ministers come together to discuss a heresy developed among them, their supposed conformity reaches never one hair's breadth beyond their formulas, and that an attempt to define these is the signal for a storm of confusion. They cannot discuss without differing; they cannot agree unless they keep silence. Ministers, too, are known to have a natural itching for debate with their opponents, and the moment they suspect that a formula veils a private interpretation of it, the inference is that that interpretation is heretical; and then the two

seas meet. Now when differences so readily appear in clerical assemblies, under the excitement of debate, and even of thought, any one who tells us that there were no divergencies of opinion below an apparent conformity, might as well affirm that there were no inflammable materials below the crater of a volcano before it began to smoke and flame. The most cursory readers of our town and parish histories are well aware that until the present generation, when so large a number of exciting and interesting themes engage the popular mind, the most striking characteristic of our people was the readiness with which they would engage in religious feuds, and get up a doctrinal warfare. There is not an old parish in New England whose records are without evidence and illustrations of that truth. And another curious fact is equally manifest; namely, that, when the legal restraints upon freedom of opinion were successively relaxed, the new liberty showed itself in the disclosure of a variety of latent speculations covering the whole wide range of sectarianism and heresies. Swedenborg, Sandeman, Anne Lee, John Murray, and Tom Paine, — names how unlike in the suggestions and conceptions which they bring before the mind! — all came in for a share in the gleaning over the fields of New England; while Baptists, Methodists, and Episcopalians had but to utter their more earnest specialities of creed, to secure to themselves a fair share from the free harvest. When multitudes in a community, living under a seeming conformity, are ready instantly to surrender a belief in the validity of infant baptism by sprinkling, for a stiff adhesion to the doctrine of the Baptists; or to leap from the edge of the chasm between the realms of the blessed and the cursed, into a heaven common to all our race; or to give over Independency for Prelacy; — when such sudden and extreme changes of opinion are so ready to appear, we may well conclude that the supposed conformity is not very "substantial." Observation shows us, that, when we cut away an oak forest, a pine forest will grow up in its place. The seeds which the birds of the air and the winds have carried and planted, are more vigorous for the new growth than are the old roots.

There is another alternative to be adopted — with us

it is the wise and true one — in reference to this presumed accordance of our old divines in “the substance” of their belief. There is no need of quibbling about the word, or pressing its meaning at the sacrifice of the claim of independent and free convictions in the individual members of a large fellowship. We may affirm that “the substance” of the Gospel is not involved either in the verbal formulas which are so sensitive under attempts at defining them, or in the matters about which these divines may have differed. So far as we wish to claim for them the attainments and the graces which become their office, we must believe them to have been men like their successors in office, and so divided in opinion. Indeed, no other evidence than the carefully chosen phraseology of hundreds of pages in Dr. Sprague’s second volume, can be necessary to prove that these “Trinitarian Congregationalists” agreed in substance of belief only in the sense of holding to the substance of the Gospel, in connection with their more or less of Calvinism.

Truly they were an honored race and class of men, and worthy of all their influence in church and state. How much does New England owe to them! How much of the impress of their power, and of their way of using it, has entered into the stock of the character of our common population! How much of the best fruits of their labors, matured and mellowed by some happy influences, is now entering into the foundations of new social fabrics in the far-off West! Many of these divines came from the most distinguished and prosperous families in the country. Others of them were taken from the straits of poverty, and aided through the self-denying toils of a hard-earned education by their own pastors. As a class, they have written the histories and added the chief contributions to the literature of our country, while many of them have been distinguished for scientific attainments. It appears from careful statistical tables, that, as a class, they have been peculiarly favored in health and longevity, — two tokens of an habitually serene cheerfulness of heart and of a consistent method of life. They have pursued the round of their labors through the span allotted to them, — have performed incidental services of advice and sym-

pathy and self-denial for their flocks, and have done a vast deal of hard work on hard soil. They had their share of happiness. Doubtless many of them have had a reputation for ability not proved by anything left from their pens. But if their contemporaries felt their power, the court of credit was a competent one.

We must not, however, forget that life was not all poetry to these ministers, nor that their ministry was not in all cases a dispensation of grace to the subjects of it. So far as we have read Dr. Sprague's pages, we observe that there is a considerate reserve practised by his contributors in reference to the feuds and alienations, often exceedingly embittered, which appear in our parish annals. There have been ministers who remained where they were not wanted, and where the continuance of their stay was prejudicial to the interests of religion. There have been ministers who would have been justified in leaving their parishes, with anything but a blessing in their farewell to their flocks, which had vainly striven "to starve them out," but who gave a noble testimony to their own heroism and sincerity by bearing all things. The voluntary system has, on the whole, proved more favorable to all the best prosperity of our parishes than did the old system. The looseness of the ministerial relation has some appreciable offsets to the evils which manifestly attend it. In the mean while, we must not forget the other party to the ministerial profession in former days, — the people. Doubtless they have been compelled to hear patiently much dull and dismal preaching, and to bear with many of their teachers whose spirit or course was offensive to them. Very often under this relation, in the case of both parties to it, the believing wife has been the salvation as well as the blessing of her husband. The Puritan Church has even a larger proportion of female saints on her calendar than has the Roman. We remember that, on a summer visit to one of our country towns, we were quite interested in listening to an aged lady, who gave us a most graphic account of a deceased minister, whose name appears in Dr. Sprague's second volume. He was an eccentric and angular man, but he had a mean flock, and his shepherd's crook was freely used among them as a goad and a club. No one doubted his excellence of

heart, his piety, or his fidelity; but as they wronged him in the matter of salary, and slept under his ministry, and ran after heretics, and worried him at parish meetings, his rebukes were frequent, stinging, and personal. Still he remained with his people till his death, after nearly fifty years of service. On strolling afterwards through the old burial-ground, we came upon the monuments of himself and his consort, the beloved of the whole parish. The inscriptions on these monuments rehearsed their whole experience in the parish most significantly in these scraps of Scripture texts. Over the sleeping pastor was written in the marble: "I have fought a good fight." Over his consort was the sweet benediction: "Blessed are the peacemakers."

Of course we shall wait with quickened interest, we will not say, with anxiety, those promised volumes, the subjects of which are popularly classed under the title of "Unitarian Congregational Ministers." The most availing method for clearing them from the reproach of infidelity, heresy, and a lack of true vital Christian piety, will be a fair record of their lives and labors. Names held in affectionate remembrance rise to our thoughts. Forms hardly yet divested of the likeness to life, as they rest in their long repose, come back to us to renew, in the feints of fancy, their pleasant fellowships. Of those of our brotherhood whom Dr. Sprague has personally known, we would trust him with the memorial. He knows where to seek the help which he needs in every case. One thought suggests itself to us with considerable force, as we anticipate what we hope we may live to read. The memorials which Dr. Sprague gathers will be enduring ones, classical and authoritative, and therefore often quoted as judicial. There are men, whose long repute will depend very much for its fairness, and generosity, and sympathy of estimate, upon the selection of the pen to make their memorial. We can name the names of brethren recently departed, who will stand very differently on the enduring page, according to the intimacy, the friendliness, the power of appreciation, in their chosen memorialist.

G. E. E.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, by WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D. *With an Account of the Emperor's Life after his Abdication*, by WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. In three volumes. Boston : Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. xviii. and 618, 604, 565.

HISTORY is not an experimental science. Nor does the study of it lead to that certainty which belongs to the demonstrative sciences. But like every other inquiry which is pursued by the comparison of evidence, its results are liable to be modified by the discovery of new sources of information, or by placing the familiar circumstances in a new light. Our belief in the facts which it records and the truths which it teaches must rest, then, mainly upon our confidence in the thoroughness of the historian's investigations, in the soundness of his judgment, his freedom from blinding prejudices, and the accuracy of his statements. So far as an historian fails in any or all of these particulars, his work fails to answer the necessary requirements of the case. It is no longer, in the language of Bolingbroke, "philosophy teaching by examples," and it must, sooner or later, give place to some other work, more candid in tone and more accurate in detail.

An historian, however, may fulfil all these requirements, and yet his work may fall into neglect or disrepute in consequence of the discovery of materials not accessible when his narrative was written. These materials may be comparatively unimportant, or they may be of such a character as to require us to review our judgments upon many historical questions which the writer had discussed by the light of the facts and documents then known. In the first case, all that is essential to the fulness and accuracy of the narrative can be incorporated in editorial notes or appendices. In the latter case, a new work must supersede the earlier production, if we would not sacrifice historic truth to any lower object. The soundness of these observations may be tested by an examination of almost any of the principal works upon our shelves. Take, for instance, the three most celebrated historical productions of the last century, — Hume's *History of England*, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, and Robertson's *Charles the Fifth*; and we shall see with how much caution we must form our opinions of historical personages and events.

The success of Mr. Hume's *History* was at first very limited. But its reputation is now established; and in one of those ad-

mirable sketches which Sir James Mackintosh wrote upon his return voyage from Bombay, that judicious and candid writer declares, that, notwithstanding its great defects, Hume's *History of England* "will probably be at last placed at the head of historical compositions." Yet Hume was notoriously indolent and careless in his investigations, not seldom relying upon his imagination for his facts, or trusting to the researches of other writers; and much of his narrative is discolored by his partisan prejudices and distorted to the support of a false theory. Many of his mistakes and misrepresentations have been exposed and corrected by Mr. Malcolm Laing and other writers; and in Mr. Fox's historical fragment we recollect several passages in which the great Whig statesman replies to Hume's sophistical reasonings, and exhibits his perversion of facts, in that strain of lofty eloquence which Lord Brougham happily compares to a devastating fire. In view of these facts, it is much to be regretted that no annotated edition of Hume's *History*, embodying the results of recent and accurate research, has yet been given to the public, though the need of such an edition is admitted by all competent critics.

A much wiser course has been pursued in regard to Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, a work of far greater research, but one not less disfigured by the writer's prejudices and partisanship. From its first appearance, Gibbon's "luminous and luxuriant pages" have been the delight and admiration of every cultivated mind; and such scholars as Guizot and Milman have not disdained to bestow their editorial cares upon it. The result is, that we now possess an edition of this great work in which the author's errors and misrepresentations have been corrected, and which does not fall below the level of historical knowledge upon the subject in our own time.

The contemporary popularity of Dr. Robertson's works was far greater than was that of Mr. Hume's *History*. Dr. Johnson, indeed, declared that "no man would read Dr. Robertson's cumbersome detail a second time." But Johnson's opinions were always influenced by his prejudices; and Robertson was at once a Scotchman, a Presbyterian, and a Whig, — three vices which the Tory moralist could never forgive. Few Scotchmen had attained distinction in letters when Robertson began to write; and it was natural, therefore, that his merits should be somewhat exaggerated in his own day. Yet his early reputation has been maintained with little loss down to the present time. His style is calm and dignified, but it is deficient in ease and grace. In his nervous dread of that verbal criticism which was much more common then than it now is, he too often adopted stiff and formal modes of expression, instead of those simpler and more idiomatic

phrases which would have occurred to one who felt an entire confidence in his own mastery of the language. His narrative is luminous and candid, displaying a large acquaintance with his subject and a disposition to deal fairly with all parties. His delineations of character are forcible and exact. But the crowning qualification which he brought to his task was that philosophical habit of mind that led him always to trace the connection between cause and effect, and to view all the events which he narrated as links in one grand chain of historic progress. It is this quality more than any other which has preserved his reputation to our own time, and which must always cause his works to be esteemed among the classical histories in our language.

Criticism, however, has not failed to detect some errors in his works, especially in that part of the twelfth book of his *History of Charles the Fifth* in which he speaks of the life of the Emperor after his abdication. These errors are to be ascribed partly to carelessness, and partly to the want of materials. When Robertson wrote, and even down to 1844, the Archives of Simancas, where were deposited the most important documents relating to the subject, were utterly inaccessible even to Spanish scholars themselves. At length, the prohibition which had prevented all inquiry in this direction was relaxed, and it was found that Charles had led a very different life at Yuste from that which Robertson had portrayed. Mr. William Stirling was the first writer to publish the results of his inquiries, which were given to the public in two articles in *Fraser's Magazine*, and in his delightful work on *The Cloister Life of Charles the Fifth*. He was followed by three Continental scholars, Messrs. Amédée Pichot, Gachard, and Mignet, who successively published valuable works upon the same subject. At a later period, Mr. Prescott, who was perhaps the first to make the discovery of the true character of the Emperor's cloister life, published a most interesting chapter upon the subject in his *History of Philip the Second*. The facts have been thus widely disseminated, and are now familiarly known to every student of history.

But it was due to the great merits of Dr. Robertson's work, and to the reputation which it enjoys, that a continuation should be added, covering the results of these recent researches. For this task it will be admitted that no one possesses qualifications superior to those of Mr. Prescott. The manner in which he has discharged the duty fully meets the expectations formed of his work, when it was known that he had undertaken it. His narrative fills about one hundred and eighty pages, and is written in that lucid and elegant style, and with that perfect command of his materials, which always characterize Mr. Prescott's histories. As a picture of the closing years of Charles the Fifth, it leaves nothing to be desired. Indeed, the only regret which we

feel in reading it is that Mr. Prescott did not also bestow his editorial labors upon some other parts of Dr. Robertson's work which need revision. Beginning with an account of the Emperor's last voyage to Spain, he traces the course of Charles's daily life on his journey, during his sojourn at Xarandilla, and after his arrival at Yuste, interspersing the narrative with sketches of his principal servants, and vividly delineating his character as it was exhibited under these new circumstances. But it is upon Charles's connection with public affairs after his abdication that Mr. Prescott's researches throw most light. His remarks upon this topic are especially deserving of notice, as they correct Dr. Robertson's view in an important particular, and show how entirely he had been deceived from the want of the materials so long buried at Simancas.

The Rifle, Axe, and Saddle-bags, and other Lectures. By WILLIAM HENRY MILBURN. With an Introduction by REV. J. • McCLINTOCK, D. D. Portrait of the Author on Steel. New York: Derby and Jackson. 1857. 12mo. pp. 309.

THIS volume affords a striking illustration of the ease and certainty with which a resolute will and a cultivated intellect can overcome the adverse circumstances of life. Deprived at an early age of the inestimable blessing of an unclouded eyesight, and thus rendered largely dependent upon his friends for his acquaintance with books, Mr. Milburn has surmounted all obstacles, and in this volume he has presented us with the first fruits of his literary labors. It comprises four lectures upon different topics. In the first, which furnishes the principal title for the volume, our author traces the progress of Western civilization as typified in the hunter, the pioneer farmer, and the itinerant preacher. The second rehearses the Triumphs of Genius over Blindness, in a series of well-chosen historical and biographical sketches. The third, under the somewhat vague title of An Hour's Talk about Woman, presents some judicious considerations upon the sphere of woman, viewing her in her relations to literature, to society, and to the home. The last lecture exhibits to us a picture of French chivalry in the Southwest, and is enriched with much new and curious historical information upon a subject with which few persons are accurately acquainted.

In attempting to estimate the literary merits of these lectures, the fact must not be overlooked that they were originally prepared for delivery before a miscellaneous audience, and not for reading in a library. Hence they must be judged by quite a

different standard from that which is applicable to productions to be read, and not heard. A certain looseness of style and obviousness of remark and illustration may be allowed in a lecture or other spoken discourse, which would challenge criticism in a printed essay. In the one case, the general tenor of remark must be level to the comprehension of persons of average capacity, or they will fail to follow the speaker with ease and satisfaction. In the other case, more abstract considerations may be adduced, and the argument may be more closely pursued. Now, the pre-eminent merit of Mr. Milburn's lectures is, that they amply fulfil the requirements for the class of compositions to which they belong. They are clear and forcible presentations of important truths, or finished pictures of life and character, expressed in a brilliant and highly rhetorical style, often rising into passages of great beauty and eloquence. They are rich with the fruits of judicious reading and study, and abound with anecdotal illustrations, most of which are derived from local traditions or the personal knowledge of the lecturer. Considered merely in respect to the garb in which our author has chosen to present his thoughts, the volume must be pronounced eminently successful. But it has a still higher merit, in the clearness and vigor of thought which it exhibits, and in the solid common-sense which underlies it.

Life of Prince Talleyrand, with Extracts from his Speeches and Writings. By CHARLES J. MCHARG. New York: C. Scribner. 1857. 12mo. pp. 382.

FOR a complete and reliable biography of Talleyrand the anxious world will be compelled to wait until the year 1868, the shortest limit fixed by the great diplomatist for the publication of his personal memoirs. In the mean time, the want has been well supplied by the work of Mr. McHarg. It is candid, comprehensive, and entertaining. The character of Talleyrand is a hard one to delineate, involved as it is in the mazes of eighty years of intrigue and revolution. Mr. McHarg does not attempt any ingenious defence of the moral failings of his hero, or any subtle solution of his plots and his inconsistencies. He gives the facts so far as he knows them, and lets them speak for themselves. He is a biographer of quite another order than the reverend eulogist of Napoleon. His book, moreover, has the excellent quality of keeping to its subject, and not running off into innumerable side biographies, or tiresome disquisitions upon the great events which pass across the scene. It is not a history of the French Revolution, or of the Restoration, or of the glo-

rious wars of the Republic and the Empire, but strictly a life of the singular man who had part in them all, and survived them all. This praiseworthy unity gives to poverty of detail an appearance of completeness.

Mr. McHarg is more happy in the selection of his material than in its arrangement and grouping. His style is in several respects faulty; and not a small annoyance is the constant repetition of such words as "possess" for "have," and "evinced" for "show." Everything seems to be "evinced," — those things which are almost spontaneous occurrences, as well as those which require effort. The occasional use of such a word is not pleasant, but the nuisance becomes intolerable when it meets one on every page.

The Harmony of Ages. A Thesis on the Relations between the Conditions of Man and the Character of God. By HIRAM PARKER, M. D. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 380.

THE title of this volume is refreshing to those who love abstruse inquiries into the domain of metaphysical theology. It has, moreover, in the "M. D." of the author, a slight flavor of science. Polemics are suggested, when we remember what Dr. Edward Beecher wrote about. The publisher's name, too, gave hope of a dash of philanthropy to vary and soften the lofty discourse. We took up the work with reverent emotion, remembering that of such things as these the angels in their serene abodes do tell and hear. We were awed by the stern array, fourteen strong, of mailed propositions, serried in the short but majestic preface. Now, at last, the long dispute shall be settled, and the question of the ages be put to rest. A voice has come forth from Lowell, and a just God is reconciled to his sinning children.

We confess with shame that our powers have failed in the attempt to grasp the sublime argument. We have made no less than ten attempts to get hold of it, as convulsive, if not as vigorous, as the efforts of the Titans, but have fallen back, foiled and defeated, from our vain scaling of Olympus. We have tried to read the volume in a variety of ways, — forwards and backwards, by the hour and by the stint, — and always with the same result. The bright hint of a friend, that in a work of this kind it would be well to begin in the middle, and read both ways at once, was adopted, but it amounted to no more than the trifling of Arabs with their play-word "Barabarab." Read in any way, the sentences seemed always to have the same con-

nection, the same diction, and the same profoundness. It was each in all, and all in each. The coherence of thought, if not the idiosyncrasies of expression, aroused sad memories of that Newton philosopher, A. Jackson Allen, whose sheets once engaged a mystified but delighted audience. The grammatical construction of the sentences is so novel, that we are not even able to tell what the author *says*, much less what he means. Impressed, no doubt, by the wise idea that in such a treatise the *logic* is the valuable thing, he does not waste space in paltry illustrations to make his thought clear to the uninitiated. He has thus forestalled and disarmed all criticism.

Unable to give even an outline of the unintelligible reasoning, it would seem our duty at least to give a few specimens, which we have culled and tried to analyze. But alas! we find them, separated from their connection, as tough and dry as last year's pine-cones. It is not easy to cite brilliant and pithy instances of the obscure in speech. Dr. Parker's obscurity is prolonged and verbose, — in the multitude, rather than in the rarity, of his words. We would refer to page 303, where we read that "the constructions of the Bible are determined by the united influences of predisposition and education, as is illustrated by the Apostle Paul"; or to page 271, where it is said that "Adam hesitated as to whether he should yield to his Eve or to his Creator. As this hesitancy was based on the mutual love that existed between them, it could not be severed, without the existence of additional inducements so to do, than those which existed in their constitutions."

On page 261, an important fact of science is declared, or rather "evinced," in the language of Dr. Parker, — "that even the inanimate world is an electro-magnetic battery, which, when it becomes surcharged with the potent elements of destruction, seeks an equilibrium through the medium of storms, tempests, and tornados. Were it not for these arrangements for producing an equilibrium, the potent elements would accumulate to that extent, which, when let loose, would rend in sunder even the globe itself."

On page 244 occurs this lucid and orthodox observation: "If the human character could have been fully, or to a greater extent, developed, without the restraints which were imposed upon it by the triune manifestations of God's will, then there would have been no responsibility for indulging in the tendencies of the mental constitution."

The world will thank Dr. Parker for the sagacious decision of what has been held hitherto as wholly incomprehensible. "Now we come," says he, on page 173, "to that arcana which *encloses* the mystery, — why man was created. We find the response to this inquiry to be, that his character might be revealed, to

establish the relations between him, his Creator, and posterity." Equally gratifying is the musical statement on page 171, that "the *trio* — viz. the Creator, Adam, and Eve — was harmoniously maintained, up to the time when it became necessary that the two latter, as well as the former, should reveal their responsibility to each other, and establish their obligations to deal justly with the relations which existed between them."

It is commonly believed that sin is hereditary, and all know that some diseases run in families from one generation to another. Dr. Parker adds something to this opinion, where he affirms (we quote the whole of his eloquent paragraph): "That a diversity of predispositions may be transmitted, even in the same family, is proved from the fact that there may be, as is found in the same family, one of its offspring predisposed to pursue the enchanting attractions of the science of chemistry, one to investigate the interesting science of mechanics, one to accumulate wealth, one to acquire a general knowledge of literature, and another to study the captivating science of astronomy. Now, all of these predispositions may be transmitted from the parents, in perfect harmony with that law which aims at establishing identity." There are numerous facts to verify this opinion. We know a boot-maker, whose ancestors for four generations have followed that trade, who modestly calls himself a *natural* boot-maker. Nature, however, has not taught him to make a good fit, and his productions are about as shapely as Dr. Parker's sentences. Perhaps our author had in his mind the family of "Sweets," "natural bone-setters," and of Townsends, natural concoctors of Sarsaparilla Sirup.

Dr. Parker is equally great in Scriptural exegesis and theological definition. Take the following paragraph as an example, page 48: "The idea of 'conversion' implies a return to a previous state of relations between the converted and his Creator, which has at some time existed between such relations, in the Gospel sense of the term. Consequently, to be converted, is to be restored to a natural condition. If Adam had not sinned, *he would not have died; hence the expression, 'Turn ye, turn ye, for why will you die?'* implies that if a man returns to the condition in which Adam was before his fall, he shall never die." We nominate Dr. Parker for any vacant Professorship of Theology. What dogmatic statement can be clearer, sounder, more original, or more satisfactory?

Or perhaps the new Treadwell Professorship would better suit one who says that "there are three distinct *departments, which constitute man*, viz. the mental, the vital, and the physical." We notice in another place a philological improvement upon the "spirit" dialect. The "spirits" tell of *mediums*, but Dr. Parker

(p. 61) speaks of a "diversity of *mediæ*." He has a curious idea also of *progress*, different quite from that of Vico and Fourier. We regret that we cannot quote the whole passage on page 229, which exhibits the peculiar beauties of Dr. Parker's style, and gives a most interesting explanation of the purpose of the "*flood*," and the moral benefit of the "Dark Ages." "The flood," he says, "was the seed-time of the Old Dispensation, as the 'dark ages' have been under the New." This discussion of *progress* has some of those inconsistencies of thought and remark which we may lament in ordinary writings, but which are licensed in works of high genius. A captious critic might say that they occur in Dr. Parker's book somewhat too frequently and grotesquely. And it is rather too bad, that, after representing *Nature* all along as a female, according to orthodox usage and the original gender of the word, our author should change her sex in the only fanciful passage which breaks the severe sequence of his logic, and talk about *Dr. Nature* calling in *Dr. Grace*. We might believe that they were female physicians, but, unfortunately, the masculine pronoun is applied to both of them. Their consultations are extremely edifying. The difference between them seems to be, that *Dr. Nature* is gifted in diagnosis, — knows the origin and cause of disease, — but *Dr. Grace* has control of the *materia medica*, and alone knows how to apply the remedies. All the patients who follow his prescriptions get well. In this opinion, Dr. Parker differs from the received maxim, that "Nature is the best physician," and goes rather with the Calvinist theologians.

We restrict ourselves to one more instance of Dr. Parker's contradiction of himself, and quote only from two consecutive paragraphs. "The divisions and subdivisions of the mind into a *thousand* characteristics, more or less, are calculated to lead the student of nature into the dark, as it respects the mutual relations that exist between the causes and results of mental action." "The endowments of the memory, the will, desire, or motive, the understanding and conscience, *include every faculty* with which the mind is endowed, — *the external senses excepted!*"

The cave of Trophonius is celebrated. The Sibylline books are traditionally mystical. The great riddle of the Sphinx remains unread. The Man in the Iron Mask, and the authorship of Junius, are yet enigmas unexplained. When these are all made clear, then we may hope that some one will arise to interpret Parker's "Harmony of Ages." To write such a book in New England is a feat and a joke surpassing the late brilliant achievement of Major Poore.

Marrying too Late. A Tale. By GEORGE WOOD, Author of "Peter Schlemihl in America," and "Modern Pilgrims." New York: Appletons. 1857. 12mo. pp. 432.

THIS book is just what we might expect from its author, and has the merits and defects of those which have preceded it. It is sparkling, vivacious, some of the characters are well drawn, and some of the satire is just and well-managed. But its faults outweigh its merits. The plot, or rather the statements of the story, are improbable. Once in a while an Italian Count marries an American heiress, but the reverse is not likely to happen. Such a character as Mr. Robert Argyle would never have fascinated such a girl as Meda. The mystery, too, about Count Montaldi is never cleared up. We are left at the end in painful doubt whether he is a prince or a blackleg. The final treatment of his wife by Mr. Argyle is preposterous, and the apparent cause of such treatment is equally unsatisfactory and disgusting. The implied conversion of Meda from rational Catholicism to Old School Presbyterianism is one of those amazing works of grace which tax credulity too severely. The unities of time, in Rome, in England, and in New York, are not carefully observed. The pictures of society, Italian and English, are not accurate, unless considered exceptional. Cardinals of seventy-five do not persecute respectable young travelers with their attentions, or haunt the hotels of the Piazza di Spagna. Nor is it conceivable that any circumstances could have made the Duke of Wellington a daily visitor to a runaway boarding-school girl from America. The adventures of Miss Tripp are amusing, but remind one too much of Gil Blas and Crusoe.

A very grave objection to the book is the grossness of some of the scenes and ideas, making us think of that delectable religious novel, the "Lady Alice." Such books deserve the oblivion into which they will speedily pass.

A Threefold Test of Modern Spiritualism. By WILLIAM R. GORDON, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner. 12mo. pp. 408.

IT is one of the solid men of old-fashioned Calvinism who has here taken modern necromancy in hand. Dr. Gordon, we believe, is a divine of the Dutch Reformed Church, as fair-minded and charitable as a man holding that creed is likely to be. He has evidently compiled this volume from a profound sense of duty, pained by the fatal aberration of Christian believers in this variety of demonism. It is very natural that a sound theologian should see in spiritualism the work of Satan,

and should wish to head off that adversary, who now goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. We felt confident, at the outset, that the Devil would be brought in, and were not surprised, therefore, at the announcement (on page 12 of the Introduction) of six reasons why demons, and not angels, are the authors of these pretended spiritual communications. Three of these reasons are general, three are theological, but all together are not convincing. We cannot consider the *rejection of the doctrine of the Vicarious Atonement* as a proof of Satanic agency, nor can we regard it as proof positive that the "spirits" are the Devil and his angels, *because they deny that they are*. Dr. Gordon lays great stress on these two reasons. These are evidently the decisive grounds of his statement.

This general statement he proceeds to prove and illustrate in a volume which is plethoric without being bulky, and redundant without exhausting the subject. As an illustration of the absurdities of spiritualism, his book has merit. He groups the grotesque facts with some artistic skill, and brings out with a will and a relish their ludicrous features. His style, vigorous and clear, is a pleasing contrast to the style of the spirits of the higher spheres whom he has occasion to summon. His treatment of the subject under three heads is equally convenient and orthodox. We are pained to add, that the canons of logic are frequently violated, and that the argument of his book, though sometimes subtle, is, on the whole, a failure. It will neither satisfy the scientific inquirer, nor, we are afraid, reclaim the perverted faithful from the error of their ways. The result will not meet the praiseworthy intention.

Dr. Gordon wished to be candid, and not to speak without personal knowledge. He was therefore moved to go through a course of sittings with the most approved mediums, and has given reports thereof in the first part of his threefold discussion. All will confess that he has written himself down a martyr; and some may affix a different epithet to one who could voluntarily suffer through such tiresome interviews. A farrago of nonsense and a tissue of contradictions are the most concise description of what he heard. His mental questions, indeed, are sometimes those on which spirits may be pardoned for giving ambiguous answers, since the wisest and holiest of men have never been able to settle them. They are very largely theological, about the doctrines of the creed, the Trinity, the Holy Spirit, Depravity, the Atonement, and Hell, which last, under various names, is a favorite subject. All these are repeatedly affirmed and denied, and, if Dr. Gordon's experience is to be taken as a test, it is evident that spiritualism has no system of theology. In the dreary record of these spiritual conversations there are a few bright spots, as where the spirit of a de-

ceased Universalist minister, who modestly repudiates the unauthorized D. D. which his surviving friends had honored him with, gives a "psychometrical reading of Dr. Gordon's character," flattering enough to turn the head of a less strong-minded man, telling the Doctor that "he has large, active executive powers," that "the poetic, ideal, and beautiful are prominent in his mind," that "he has an inventive genius, and is a good practical schemer, reasons from causality, can write poetry, has published to some extent, has musical appreciation keen, is naturally a speaker, has deep mathematical powers, when he dreams, dreams beautifully and wildly, prefers religion, and has an intuitive consciousness of the presence of spirits." "Your mediumship," says this lucid and complimentary psychometrist, "is of the impressional nature." Sad that Dr. Gordon must disclaim such honorable distinction, and, referring the flattering oracle to the art of Satan, must call this analysis of his character only a devilish "brain-dribble" !

The *fifth* sitting deserves special notice, as throwing some light upon the occupation and dialect of the spiritual world. The medium in this instance, member of an Orthodox Congregational Church, is possessed by a guardian angel in the shape of an Irishman, a "very pure-minded, accommodating, and useful companion." The business of this Celt is that of a "porter," and he carries messages from the physicians in heaven to the sick on earth. Dr. Gordon gives us three pages of his rich brogue and his broad humor, rather doubting if his readers will not smile at his credulity. Pat states that there is no hell, no devil; that he has not met the Virgin Mary anywhere in the spheres; that Jesus Christ "was the greatest madegium dthat ever lived," and that "devil a bit" of difference it makes what a man's religion is.

Dr. Gordon's personal experiences make up a chapter of seventy-five pages, and their conclusion is thus naively expressed: "We contend that the low intelligence, the fantastic movements, the *hifalutin*, and the infamous sentiments, brought out to astonish the world, are precisely in keeping with the character of Satan, and that their occurrence at this time goes to demonstrate the truth of the Scriptures."

The chapter of personal experiences is followed by a rather ingenious attempt to identify the modern manifestations with ancient heathen feats of deviltry. He attempts to show that all the varieties of *mediums* had their parallel in ancient Pagan ages, — that Jamblichus tells substantially the same story as Judge Edmonds, and that Fabricius is as copious in his enumeration of mediums as Messrs. Partridge, Brittan, & Co. can be. A circumstantial account is given, in this connection, of the extraordinary efforts of the philanthropic Spear and his inspired female friend

to erect an electrical Saviour on the High Rock at Lynn. Jannes and Jambres, of course, are not forgotten, and the whole history of necromancy, from their day to ours, is shown to be "the legitimate growth of guilt and the running commentary upon human depravity."

To his second test, the character and tone of the revelations, Dr. Gordon devotes a hundred very amusing pages. He furnishes specimens of all varieties of spirit literature and spirit life, quite as unique as the collections of D'Israeli the elder. These are remarkable for their freedom from all trammels of fact, science, and rhetoric. Spirit Swedenborg tells of *soil at the centre of the earth*, puts the language of Paul into the mouth of Christ, and talks of Christians *wandering* toward the mark of their high calling. Spirit Bacon says that God is the *product of developed intelligence*, and that the soul's destiny is to *assist* God in administering his laws. The "joy of heaven" is slightly changed, and instead of rejoicing over some new penitent on earth, the angels all leave their business to keep jubilee as they repeat to each other, "Judge Edmonds's letter is out!" We are favored with a description of a spiritual saw-mill, and of a sample of spiritual *farming*, on a *black-sand* plain, without sunlight. *Buttermilk*, it seems, is a drink in which spirits indulge; and "John Anderson my Joe" has become in heaven a popular air, with choral accompaniment. The spirit-world is "located," and its distance, with the average breadth of "the spheres" in miles, is accurately given. From all the elegant extracts, of which we have not space to make even a selection, it is evident that the society of "the spheres" is very promiscuous, not at all aristocratic. The earthly distinctions of refinement and scholarship, and even of decided morality, seem to vanish when the flesh is cast off. All souls take about the same intellectual and social level, talk in the same general strain, and manifest the same amiable idiocy. We cannot distinguish Pythagoras from Fishbough, or Washington from Dr. Hare, or Channing from A. J. Davis. All are indeed one in that blessed region, and Christ and his Apostles ejaculate the vulgar nonsense natural to Bowery mediums at two dollars a sitting.

We had marked many pertinent passages from this and the *third test* of Dr. Gordon's book, viz. the Bible; but it is giving too much notice to pernicious follies to quote them. The book proves just this, that whatever theory of these manifestations may be adopted, there is nothing in them to shake the faith of a sane man in the truths of the Gospel, least of all an intelligent Unitarian Christian. We do not share the fear which our Calvinistic brother seems to feel, that a delusion, of which the venality is so transparent, and the intelligence so watery, will, if not checked, overthrow Christianity.

Rome, Christian and Papal. Sketches of its Religious Monuments and Ecclesiastical Hierarchy; with Notices of the Jesuits and the Inquisition. By L. DE SANCTIS, D.D., formerly Curate of the Magdalene, Professor of Theology in the Roman University, and Qualificator at the Inquisition. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 261.

IN this small volume there is a good deal of interesting description, of novel information, and of truthful invective. Unquestionable and damning facts of Jesuit morality and intrigue are laid bare. The writer speaks as one who knows and has suffered. Yet the sectarian bitterness and the Calvinistic dogmatism which possess the soul of Dr. De Sanctis weaken the effect of many of his exposures. We should as soon trust Rev. Dr. Cooke's account of the Methodists, as the stories of this convert about his former Roman teachers. The Jesuits are not so thoroughly wicked as he represents them to be. Nor are they so weak in dialectics as to be vanquished by the kind of arguments which the Waldensian uses in this book. As a piece of special pleading, these conversations have merit. But they are nothing better than that. That there are instances of profligate priests in Rome, as there are of profligate preachers in Switzerland and in America, we do not deny. But we do not believe that the average life of Roman curates is correctly reported in the "eighth letter" of this book. Dr. De Sanctis's view of "Indulgences" is one which Calvinists impute to the Church of Rome, but which its own officials indignantly disclaim. The irreverence and indecorum of the Pope and Cardinals on Palm Sunday in St. Peter's is, we are confident, wholly a fiction,—a gross violation, to say no more, of that rigid etiquette which prevails in all ceremonies where the Pope is a party. The interpretation of the famous Jesuit maxim, "for the greater glory of God," is forced and fallacious. It was not meant in the beginning, and is not now meant, as an evasion of the higher laws of obedience and justice. Nor is it true, that "one can no longer be a good Catholic without being a Jesuit." We have heard earnest reproaches of the Jesuits from the lips of devout Romish priests. In Rome, where the Jesuits control the schools, it is not safe to say much against them openly. But in other Catholic states a man may do so, without suspicion of heresy.

This small volume of Dr. De Sanctis is only introductory to a larger work, in which he proposes to describe Rome as it is, and to prove that it is "Babylon of the Apocalypse." We cannot anticipate an impartial or very valuable work from the specimen already before us. Modern Genevan orthodoxy is characterized by a narrowness and a bibliolatry which forbid us to

expect great results from that source in any department of theology. Dr. De Sanctis's work will probably rank with Gaussen's "Inspiration," and D'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation," as an accurate and reliable treatise.

The Homeward Path. By the Author of "The Beginning and Growth of the Christian Life, or the Sunday-School Teacher." Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 171.

WE could name many a bulky volume of learned sermons that does not contain a hundredth part of the spiritual meat offered to the reader in these few unpretending pages. In fourteen chapters, besides the Introduction, the author discusses the great themes of the religious life as Christ and the highest Christian experience present them to our minds and hearts. The work is well done. The style of the book is delightfully clear, simple, and earnest; and although the writer avoids all attempts to attract and fasten attention by scientific or literary illustrations, we are sure that no one, whose judgment in the matter is of any worth, will complain of dulness. We have found nothing traditional or merely formal, no cant, no superficial dealing with profound matters, no conventionalisms, or dogmatizing, or pharisaism, but throughout a tone of thought and feeling at once healthy and deep, at once practical and high; indeed, the words of one writing of things known and testifying of things seen. We hope that it will find its way into all our families, — into the hands of our Sunday-school teachers and their elder pupils especially; and we are sure that it will be a most welcome counsellor and monitor.

The Poetry of the East. By WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER. Boston: Whittemore, Niles, and Hall. 1856. 12mo. pp. 280.

NEXT to the original poet, who *creates* a new realm for us by the plastic power of his genius, the cultivated and enterprising man of letters who reveals one by his researches deserves the thanks of the reading world. Such thanks Mr. Alger has richly earned from American readers by the glimpse he has given us, in this volume, of Oriental poetry.

These specimens, and still more the admirable Introduction which precedes them, have brought to our mind the quaint German proverb, *Hinter den Bergen giebt's auch Leute*, — "There are people the other side of the hills." We on this

side of the hills, or the ocean, or the equator, or the age, or whatever the geographical or historical boundary, are apt to regard our own world as the whole world, and to live in contented ignorance of the great outside which limits and transcends it. Here, now, is a great, wide world of philosophic and poetic literature, which, till near the close of the last century, was as little known to the *litterateurs* of the West, as the American continent was to ancient geography. The only form of Oriental literature of which Europe had any knowledge, was that portion of the Semitic contained in the Bible. If, indeed, the term Oriental can be properly conceded to anything west of the Euphrates, Christian theology necessitated some acquaintance with the sacred books of the Hebrews.

Mr. Alger, with apt allusion to the early discoveries of the Portuguese in the Indian Ocean, calls Sir William Jones "the Vasco de Gama who first piloted the thought of Europe to the Oriental shores." This statement is true as it regards England; but we must not overlook the services of Anquetil du Perron, who preceded Sir William Jones by some twenty years, and whose publication of the Zend Avesta first drew the attention of European scholars — of Sir William Jones among the rest — to the literary treasures of the East. The English, it must be allowed, have been diligent and successful pioneers in this new territory. Their commercial and political hold of India has facilitated and stimulated the study of the language and literature of that portion of the Oriental world.

A notice in the *Lettres Édifiantes et Curieuses* had drawn the attention of the Oxford scholar to a class of books called *Nataks*, which, on arriving in Bengal, and inquiring of the Brahmins, he discovered to be a species of dramatic composition. Further investigation put him in possession of a manuscript copy of the splendid production of Kalidasa, the Hindoo contemporary of Virgil and Horace; and the year 1789 was made memorable in the annals of literature by the first introduction to the Western world of *Sakoontala*, which Goethe, knowing it only in that first imperfect presentation, declared to be the blossom of Spring and the fruit of Autumn, rapture and nourishment, heaven and earth, in one. We hope to see the more recent version, from a purer text, of this Indian gem, by Monier Williams, made generally accessible to the American public. Will not Mr. Alger undertake this task?

Friedrich Schlegel, with his *Sprache und Weisheit der Indier*, and A. W. Schlegel, with his *Indische Bibliothek* and his *Bhagavat Ghita*, stand at the head of a numerous band of German Orientalists, who have brought the national thoroughness and philosophic discipline to the study of the Sanscrit, and the elucidation of Vedantic lore. The labors of Von Hammer

Purgstall require no comment. Goethe, the literary Charlemagne, who stretched from his throne in the West a friendly hand toward the rising sun, and placed himself *en rapport* with Asia, — Goethe, who chose that nothing poetic should be foreign to him, — has reproduced the mind of the East with such freshness in his *Westöstlicher Divan* as to draw from Friedrich Rückert the confession :

“ Would you feast
On purest East,
You must ask it of the selfsame man
Who the best
Has served the West
With such vintage as none other can.”*

Rückert himself, who, in power over language and in skilful accommodation of the German to foreign measures, equals the elder Schlegel, while far surpassing him in poetic endowments, has transplanted many a choice exotic from those lands in his *Erbauliches und Beschauliches aus dem Morgenland*. Hegel quotes from his version of Dschelaleddin Rumi, with great admiration both of the skill of the translator and of the lofty consciousness of unity (*des einen*) manifested by Mohammedan philosophy in those passages.† Georg Friedrich Daumer, another laborer in this field, has distinguished himself not less by his “Mahomet” and his “Hafis,” than by his *Religion des neuen Zeitalters*. More valuable than any of the above-mentioned, in our estimation, is Tholuck’s *Blüthensammlung aus der morgenländischen Mystik*, — the noblest contribution yet made to our knowledge of Mohammedan thought.

If any one imagines that the treasures of Oriental literature are all buried treasures, far removed in the cryptic past, and that the East of to-day is visionless and voiceless, let him read Bodenstedt’s *Tausend und ein Tag im Orient*, and imbibe through his version the honeyed dithyrambs of Mirtsa Schaffy. He will find that the “Tongue of the Secret” is not gone silent, and that the nineteenth century has its Hafiz as well as the fourteenth.

To Mr. Alger belongs the praise of being the first American who, so far as we know, has surveyed the ground embraced in these pages, — certainly the first who has reported the same for the benefit of the American public. He has given us a golden volume, replete with sage thoughts and memorable sayings, — a costly anthology, in which every specimen is either rich or strange. This is no ephemeral production, to be read and done

* Milnes’s version.

† Hegel’s *Encyclopædie*, 3ter Theil, *Philosophie des Geistes*.

with once for all, but a commonplace book of wit and wisdom, to be kept within reach as a constant refreshment and never-failing delight.

The intelligent reader will of course make due allowance for inevitable evaporation and loss in successive transportations of such volatile stuff as lyric poetry from tongue to tongue. Poetry, as a general thing, is untranslatable in the sense of a perfect reproduction, both of its essence and its form. If here and there some brilliant exceptions appear, they are rather to be regarded as lucky hits, than as normal and calculable results of sheer industry. And if something necessarily escapes in the first translation, it is obvious how much must be lost when that translation is again translated, and the product offered is twice removed from the original article. Such is the case with the poems here presented. Mr. Alger professes no acquaintance with Oriental tongues, and although "the whole field of Oriental literature, so far as accessible through English, Latin, and German translations, has long been a favorite province" with him, he has never yet come into primary relations with it. His "knowledge of the original materials has been obtained through translations." That in spite of this disadvantage there is so much sap and savor in these specimens, is highly creditable to the translator, and proof presumptive of the transcendental excellence of the original.

We have spoken of the Introduction as possessing peculiar value. We know of no essay in the English language which contains in a small compass so much desirable information respecting the vast and comparatively unknown realms of Eastern mind. We gratefully acknowledge the modest claim which the author prefers in its behalf, when he says: "It comes into a place where many are looking, and therefore may be welcomed, although it incompletely fills that place."

Manual of United States History. From 1492 to 1850. By SAMUEL ELIOT, Author of "A History of Liberty," and Professor of History and Literature in Trinity College. Boston: Hickling, Swan, & Brown. 1856. 12mo. pp. 483.

THE utmost skill of the most gifted and practised author could not make so compact a treatise upon so large a theme very entertaining; and yet, whilst the author of this Manual has been compelled to refrain from all indulgence in rhetoric and pleasant minutiae, he has succeeded in making a very readable book, well fitted for the study-table and for schools. We turned first to the closing chapters, curious to see how far the writer had

succeeded in preparing a record of matters which still convulse the country, and are likely to be agitated for years to come. It is no easy task to frame a book of our national chronicles that shall be suffered to go north, south, east, and west, — a book that shall be welcomed amongst ourselves, and at the same time not honored with a place on the Southern Index Expurgatorius. Mr. Eliot has been very successful in this respect, and if he has made the last portions of his Manual characterless, it was only an inevitable consequence and a necessity of disastrous times. The book seems to us very valuable for the purposes which the author proposes to advance.

The Torchlight : or, Through the Wood. By HARRIET A. OL-COTT, Author of "Isora's Child." New York : Derby and Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 447.

A PLEASANTLY written and very attractive book, elevated in its tone, graphic in its descriptions, and not without a good vein of humor ; so we judge from a hasty survey of its pages.

The Geography of Nature : or, The World as it is. By M. VALLIET. Translated from the French, by a Lady. Boston : Hickling, Swan, and Brown. 1856. 12mo. pp. 610.

It has been a good practice of late in our schools to confine the attention of the scholars to map-questions, to the neglect of what is called descriptive geography. If any time can be saved in this way, it would be well employed in the study of this very entertaining and instructive volume. But it is more than a school-book, and will reward the general reader. Imagine a traveller sailing over oceans, seas, and lakes, exploring islands and continents, passing from zone to zone, now dwelling in civilized lands and now living in caves with savages, daguerreo-typing all along fishes, reptiles, animals, the coral of the seas and the trees and shrubs of the shore, the common and the rare, — then give him a ready pen and a skilful engraver, and you might have just what M. Valliet and his translator have given us, — an admirable picture-book for boys and girls, and information which will be new to many an adult. The method of exhausting the natural geography of one country at a time strikes us very favorably.

A Second-Class Reader ; consisting of Extracts, in Prose and Verse. For the Use of the Second Classes in Public and Private Schools. With an Introductory Treatise on Reading and the Training of the Vocal Organs. By G. S. HILLARD. Boston : Hickling, Swan, and Brown. 1857. 12mo. pp. 278.

MR. HILLARD has prepared in this volume an excellent sequel to a Reader which has already gained a place in some of our best schools. The Introduction will, we hope, be used more than such introductions have been heretofore. Good reading cannot be secured until far more than the ordinary share of attention has been given to enunciation. The pieces in this Reader are simple, and well chosen in other respects to attract the young and afford them a varied practice.

Dickens's Little Folks. A Series of Beautiful Juveniles selected from Dickens's Works, in his own Language. With Illustrations by Darley. 18mo. Second Series : — I. *The Boy Joe and Sam Weller*, from the "Pickwick Papers." II. *Sissy Jupe*, from "Hard Times." III. *The Two Daughters*, from "Martin Chuzzlewit." IV. *Tiny Tim and Dot, and the Fairy Cricket*, from the "Christmas Stories." V. *Dame Durden*, from "Bleak House." VI. *Dolly Varden, the Little Coquette*, from "Barnaby Rudge." New York : Redfield.

DICKENS is welcome in any form, and readers who are not very juvenile will be glad to renew their acquaintance with his sweet and humorous fancies through these pretty little volumes, — real manuals, hand-books of the kind that every one likes. The only question we have about them is this : Are they quite down to the childish capacity ? Certainly, Pickwick and Weller are not characters specially suited to the young, not to speak of the accompanying juvenile obesity. Still, what will not suit the children will be eagerly caught up by their elders, and so "betwixt them both" the books will have justice done them.

Step by Step ; or, Delia Arlington. Boston : J. Munroe & Co. 12mo.

THOSE who have read the series of papers in "The Monthly Religious Magazine," under the title, "A Year of Trial," will recognize in this volume the graceful hand and the deep relig-

ious feeling of the same writer. The story before us relates the experience of a young girl, left an orphan and an heiress at the period of life most dangerous to the Christian character, and with some natural traits increasing that danger. But with these she combines a strong love of right ; and, favored by the guidance of some excellent friends, she passes unhurt through the critical forming period ; her harsher peculiarities are softened down, her religious spirit developed, and we leave her at the point which marks her purpose of self-consecration, by admission to church-membership. The book is not a novel, though there is incident enough in it to render it attractive. It is not a child's book, for Delia's character and temptations are beyond those of children. It is designed for young persons, especially females, of Delia's own age, — from sixteen to eighteen ; and we can hardly imagine such a one perusing it without experiencing an elevating and purifying influence. The portion which describes the young disciple's attendance on her dying cousin, Frederic Grafton, with the change she is enabled to effect in his character, is of touching beauty ; and the whole volume such as parents may place in the hands of their daughters with the assurance that they are making both an acceptable and a truly valuable present.

Paul Fane, or Parts of a Life else Untold. By N. P. WILLIS, Esq. New York : C. Scribner. Boston : Williams & Co.

"Soul is form and doth the body make."

WILLIS's world-wide fame as poet and word-painter, his "Inklings," "Pencilings," "Loiterings," Fragments, &c., &c., — all those genius-stamped, beauty-imbued favorites of the public, — are a warrant and a passport for anything that may emanate from his mental workshop ; but this singular creation (if creation it may be called, which presents to the world the *true* inner life of struggling genius and its circumstantial development) adds yet a laurel to his brow. The pages of *Paul Fane* are a spell of enchantment, against which it is useless to contend ; the heart-harp is so skilfully fingered, and its chords ring out such bewilderingly sweet music, that there is, as it were, a glamour thrown over the reader which almost obscures his judgment. This secret must be personality. Willis evidently dips his pen into the depths of his own spirit-nature, the plaintive tenderness of some of his delineations brings him so very near to us. Without any great stretch of the imagination, one might suppose the so-called novel to be an autobiography, an intensified picture of

a real life,—and why not? Let us cite from the Princess, one of its most original and fascinating characters, *why*.

“‘It is natural, of course,’ she musingly said, (as she retouched the figure here and there while under criticism,) ‘that one’s own nature, whatever it be, should impress itself on the model as one works. It is the escape, indeed, of a fermenting identity, which might else, I should think, become an agony. The air I breathe scarce seems to me more necessary in that respect, than the art on which I slake this thirst for self-transfusion.’”

Thus Paul, the artist-hero, leaves the New World, the clustering comforts of home and hearth-stone, his tenderly worshipped mother and family, for the Old World of aristocracy, conventionality, and beauty, to school himself in the study of life, nature, and especially art. His youthful sensitiveness almost quails before the cold “Ashley eye” of assumed superiority; but as time matures his native dignity and manly independence, he becomes eminently American, and finds that his own patent of nobility is direct from the King of kings. With elastic step and intellectual rebound he runs the gauntlet of European life and society, betraying at every turn his æsthetical devotion. There is a steam-power of satire bursting through those dashing illustrations, the Firkins family, and the Hoosier artist, Blivins, which is a new phase in the wit and humor of the author. Sybil, the embodiment of Paul’s ideal of womanhood, first wakes his soul to its own impassioned nature, and the psychological unfolding of the leaves of the innermost, the subtle analysis of a lofty spirit stirred by noble impulse and motive, is wrought out with all the metaphysical acumen and eloquence of a seer. The parting of Paul and Sybil is a whole tragedy, portrayed with intense feeling, and thence springs its transcendent power. The Ashleys gracefully group themselves into the middle-ground of the picture, while dear Mary Evenden steps into the charmed circle, a Consuelo to Paul in time of need, “her love and completeness of sympathy forming the whole sunshine of life to himself, as it did its most visible beauty and poetry to the eyes of others.”

The book is entirely unique,—a wildly meandering and untrodden pathway in the fields of romance, for there is nothing like it. We do not find fault with it, but have confessed to the sorcery or divination, and can only wish for more.

A Memoir of His Honor SAMUEL PHILLIPS, LL. D. By REV. JOHN L. TAYLOR [Andover]. Boston: Congregational Board of Publication. 1856. 8vo. pp. 391.

OUR attention was first engaged for this rich volume by an altogether charming and hearty tribute accorded to it, in a review. VOL. LXII. — 4TH S. VOL. XXVII. NO. I. 13

view of it by Professor Park, in the Bibliotheca Sacra. That review, by a skilful analysis of the volume, and by various extracts from it, made a noble portraiture of its subject, and did only fair justice to the merits of its author. Having since enjoyed the possession of the volume, we are now doubly bound to communicate to our readers our own grateful appreciation of it. But few of our readers can need to be told how much our community, in all its generations, from the very first, owes to the Phillips family. The pleasant sketch of its genealogies, and of its various services, here given, is used as a setting for the full-drawn portraits of the Judge and the Lieutenant-Governor of that name. The virtues and charities, the business life, and the high honors of the chief subject of this Memoir, involve in their relation many most delightful sketches of an age and a class of men just now passing from the remembrances of all the living. The sweetest aroma of piety and virtue is diffused over the pages. School, college, church, and home here bind their honors, and dispense their fruit in loving and holy fellowship.

Kansas; its Interior and Exterior Life. Including a full View of its Settlement, Political History, Social Life, Climate, Soil, Productions, Scenery, etc. By SARA T. L. ROBINSON. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 366.

THE subjects specified on the title-page of this volume are the very ones on which we desire accurate and authentic information from a witness of the first authority. The avidity with which Mrs. Robinson's work has been sought for, and the entire confidence with which readers feel that they may receive her statements, may render it unnecessary for us to invite attention to it. When under calmer and wiser influences the subjects which she treats with such a painful fidelity shall come to be reviewed, an accurate relation of facts will be the most valuable element for the task. This volume will then be to friend or foe — as respects the main issue in which Kansas has been the battle-field — the source of all necessary information. Frightful as are many of her representations, disgraceful to our land and age as are many of the deeds and measures she is compelled to record, the shame of them rests with the perpetrators, not with the faithful historian of them. Some sunny pages brighten the dark and dreary character of her narrative, — as the glorious attractions which God has gathered about that region stand in contrast with the atrocities which base politicians have there enacted.

History of Texas from its First Settlement in 1685 to its Annexation to the United States in 1846. By H. YOAKUM, Esq. New York: Redfield. 1856. 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 482, 576.

THE name of the author of these two solid volumes is new to us. But from the examination which we have made of their contents, we are satisfied of his ability and his purpose to furnish in them a valuable addition to our largely increasing materials for general history. Beginning with the age of romance under the French and Spanish explorers and settlers, Mr. Yoakum gives us a carefully prepared narrative of their enterprise and rivalries, incidentally presenting us with enough of detail upon the local features of the country, its original history, and its fortunes. Passing down to the connection of the country with Mexican, European, and United States policy and politics, he rehearses the incidents which connect themselves with the soil of Texas, as having invited the ambition and enterprise of various classes of men, from freebooters to patriots. In the Appendix to the first volume we find an interesting Autobiography of Colonel Ellis P. Bean, and in that to the second, extensive official documents and papers of value on the existing resources and condition of Texas. We commend the work to what we hope is a proportionately increasing class of readers who can value and appreciate its laborious historical character.

Sermons. By ALVAN LAMSON. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 424.

THE modesty of this title, when set in comparison with the wealth and wisdom which enter into the sentiment and the substance of the sermons contained in it, suggests to us the terms for pronouncing an encomium upon the author. But we suppress the prompting of our heart, even though our calmest judgment would go with its utterance, for we would not offend the modesty which our praise would set in contrast with high worth. Our readers know of Dr. Lamson as the most thorough and accurate scholar in our own communion. We believe him unsurpassed by any one living among us in any other communion, in the becoming learning of a well-furnished Christian minister. We all of us owe him grateful returns for his valuable service to us in the fields of ecclesiastical history and patristic lore. This journal especially may bear witness to its obligations to him as the contributor of papers of the highest value, as selecting, simplifying, explaining, and illustrating the more interesting, valuable,

and difficult contents of the works of the Christian Fathers. He is no second-hand scholar. He has drunk at the fountains, and knows the true quality of their waters. Exactness, clearness, simplicity, and strong good-sense, with moderation and candor, are the distinguishing characteristics of his intellectual composition and of the work which he has wrought. Would that we had more from his pen! Would that we had more Christian scholars of his make and pattern, — men trained by severe and exact study, skilled in the antiquities of the faith, masters and true doctors of theology, equally deliberate in the formation of well-grounded opinions, equally conscientious in the utterance of such opinions on vital points, equally intelligible, lucid, and free from fogginess in the communication of such opinions! True learning, sound scholarship, theological attainments and culture, have declined among us. We have admirable *litterateurs* in our ministerial libraries, and many accomplished essayists and rhetoricians in our pulpits. Dr. Lamson, in his quiet rural parsonage, seems to rebuke the most of us, though from lips which always obey the law of kindness. He represents to us the honorable distinctions of a former age of scholars, with the added refinements, graces, and adaptations of modern culture.

We therefore take up his volume of sermons, knowing beforehand that in its perusal we are about to commit ourselves to the cotinsels and instruction of a master in Christian wisdom, a devout, faithful, and much-loved preacher and pastor. It is in compliance only with the emphatic request of his parishioners that he has published this volume. It contains twenty-nine sermons, — less in number by ten than the nearly twoscore years during which he has served his people. The only way in which we should be willing to assume even the appearance of undertaking a criticism of these most excellent and instructive discourses, would be in presenting extracts from them, with but brief words of comment. For this we have not space. We must content ourselves, therefore, with being the medium of informing some of our readers that there is such a volume inviting their perusal, and offering to them in a singularly felicitous style the mature and devout wisdom of one of our most honored ministers. The pages may be trusted to carry with them conviction and edification. To our readers in any other communion we would say, Here is a volume the sentiments in which you may ascribe to "Unitarians," if you please, whether your design be to commend or to censure us.

Compositions in Outline, by FELIX O. C. DARLEY, from Judd's "Margaret." Engraved by CONRAD HUBER. Redfield: New York.

WE welcome with most cordial delight and gratitude this beautiful tribute of genius in one art to genius in another. Here we have what may be fairly called the first, and, we do not hesitate to add, a perfect specimen of the employment of the sketcher's ideality and skill for the elaborate illustration of a distinctively American work. How would the too-early summoned author, Mr. Judd, have enjoyed this lavish outlay of taste and ingenuity upon the scenes and characters of his own favorite work! New England, "without distinction of sect or party," is as much bound to buy and enjoy this volume, as to pay heed to the proclamations of its Governors, so far as regards the designation of a particular day for Thanksgiving. New England characteristics, serious and humorous, rustic and refined, grave, satirical, and homely, startle us with their lifelike verisimilitude in these wonderfully successful illustrations of Margaret. We say to parents, Buy, and we say to children, Ask your parents to buy for you, "Darley's Margaret." You will find the keenly drawn and most faithful sketches, thirty in number, accompanied by generous letter-press explanations selected from Mr. Judd's book. But you ought to have the book also. We are disinterested in our advice, for it comes from a feeling higher even than that of gratitude.

Pictures of the Olden Time, as shown in the Fortunes of a Family of the Pilgrims. By EDMUND H. SEARS. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 342.

NOBODY who reads the author's "Introduction" to this volume will lightly yield to any pressure of preoccupation or needful self-denial of proffered pleasure by consenting to forego its perusal. If the relish which Mr. Sears communicates in those few most ingenious pages, which no one but a genius could have written to begin with, does not excite hunger, we know not the laws of appetite. The wide circle of confiding and loving readers which the author has already won by having written the finest Christmas hymn in our language, — need we name its first line, "Calm on the listening ear of night"? — and that excellent Essay entitled "Regeneration," will be widened by the circulation of this volume. He himself hesitates under what class of writings to place it. We will help him so far as to say that it belongs to a class of literary compositions which, without

trifling in any way with strict truth, combine instruction on past scenes and characters, beautiful delineations of home life and home virtues, the interest of family chronicles and of personal experiences, — all mellowed by romantic tints and sweet fancies, and lifted into the heights of sober and devout wisdom, to find a heavenly moral. Only such a book would Mr. Sears be likely to wish to offer to his readers, and such a book he has here given us. We might attempt to present an idea of his method. But we have said enough to assure our readers that the author has not aimed below his own standard, and for the rest they had better learn of him than of us.

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the Year 1857. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co.

THIS is the eighth volume of the Third Series, being the twenty-eighth volume of the complete set of publications which have been continuously issued under the above title. Each volume, however, is complete in itself, and independent in its contents upon those which precede or follow it. An immense amount of valuable information, useful more or less during each day in the year, and prepared with a most painstaking regard to accuracy, is presented in the work. Besides the Astronomical and the Civil Calendar, there is a body of political and statistical matter relating to our own general and State governments, foreign nations and our relations with them, and incidental matters to which persons of all classes have occasion to refer. An obituary record, and a diary of the most important events of the preceding year, close the new volume.

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MESSRS. Little, Brown, & Co. have promised a large circle of eagerly expectant readers, that the opening year shall find in their hands two volumes of the Familiar Correspondence of Daniel Webster. Some of the newspapers have been favored with choice passages from the sheets of the work while it has been in progress, and the appetite for it may now be regarded as sufficiently keen.

The series of the British Poets and of the British Essayists, published

in so elegant a form by this firm, continue in steady progress. The six volumes of the Poets last issued contain the works of Moore.

Messrs. Harper and Brothers have just issued an inviting volume, filled with valuable information pleasantly communicated, by Professor Holton, of Middlebury College. It is entitled, "New Granada: Twenty Months in the Andes." (8vo, pp. 605.) The book is richly illustrated and crowded with instruction, rising from the homeliest economical details to the highest scientific views. Whether read for amusement or for knowledge, it will keep the reader's attention. Its glossaries and statistical tables, its geographical, philosophical, political, and social materials, make it of a wonderfully comprehensive value either to travelers or to home readers.

Messrs. Harper have also reprinted, from the London edition, with all the illustrations, Charles J. Andersson's excitingly interesting volume, entitled, "Lake Ngami; or, Explorations and Discoveries during Four Years' Wanderings in the Wilds of Southwestern Africa." (12mo, pp. 521.) Wild enough is the scenery described and the men and other creatures encountered in this volume; nor should we think the author wholly destitute of that characteristic.

Of the title, "Prue and I," which introduces to us the new volume by George William Curtis (New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co., 1856, 16mo, pp. 214), we will say nothing, not knowing what to say. But of the wealth of fancy and of sentiment, of the graces of style, the conceits of thought, and the beauty of imagery and delineation in it, we may speak in unmeasured terms of encomium. It is a delightful volume, shining with the true radiance of genius, and manifesting the results of high culture. If our readers, male or female, would know precisely what sort of contents, worthy of such praise, can follow such a title, we will frankly say that we should do injustice to them and to the author if we trespassed upon his right to give them that information himself.

Mason Brothers, of New York, have published, in one volume, from the competent editorial oversight of Epes Sargent, "The Poetical Works of Horace Smith and James Smith," authors of the "Rejected Addresses." (12mo, pp. 414.) Portraits of the brothers, biographical sketches, and illustrative information, increase the value of a carefully arranged collection of poems, which are sure of being kept in remembrance.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have published (2 vols. 12mo, pp. 429, 400) "Notes, Practical and Expository, on the Gospels," by Rev. Charles H. Hall. The author, an Episcopalian, has evidently aimed faithfully and laboriously to facilitate the understanding and the best use of the Gospels, by Bible classes and Sunday-school teachers especially, while seeking to serve a larger circle of devout readers.

From Messrs. Appleton & Co. we have also a most agreeable variation from the usual style of volumes relating to life and travel in Europe, in a work reputed to be from the pen of Mrs. Rives, the accomplished lady of one of our diplomatic representatives abroad. Its title, "Home and the World," happily expresses its original method of bringing into contrast scenes of life under the more winning aspects of existence here with the intenser experiences connected with the same human fortunes in the Old World capitals.

"Milledulcia: A Thousand Pleasant Things," — is another happily

chosen title given by the Appletons to a beautifully printed volume, filled with selections from twelve compact volumes of the English periodical called "Notes and Queries." The cream of that ingeniously compounded luxury for literary and antiquarian appetites must needs be rich. We commend the volume as a right-hand companion for the broken hours of students and readers.

Under the title of "Autobiography of a Female Slave" (12mo, pp. 406), Redfield has published a work of great power and interest, whose contents painfully engage the tenderest sensibilities of a reader, when they do not stir his indignation, over the recital of the manifold atrocities and iniquities from the dark parentage of slavery. The subject of the book is evidently her own biographer only in the sense — but that is the best sense — of being the narrator of the personal experiences which it presents. We have confidence in the truth of the narrative, and we ask for it its own just share in that fearfully momentous object of teaching and terrifying us all in view of the volcanic fires which are kindled beneath us.

Messrs. James Munroe & Co. have published a new edition, in two volumes (12mo), of Rev. Dr. Osgood's excellent translation of De Wette's "Human Life," and also, in the same form, of the Rev. J. F. Clarke's translation of the same author's "Theodore, or the Sceptic's Conversion." These publications were received with high favor when first issued, as being faithful renderings, by scholarly men, of works deserving of regard in the processes of mental training in moral and religious themes.

The same firm have issued new editions of Mrs. Sigourney's "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands"; of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome"; and of the stories by the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam." "The Silent Footsteps" is the title of a new story, characterized by tender and affectionate sentiments, and published by the same firm.

Messrs. Ticknor and Fields have published another very pleasant and instructive volume on the inexhaustible themes of a European tour. It bears the title of "A Physician's Vacation; or, A Summer in Europe," — and contains the journal of Dr. Walter Channing, of this city, during the five pleasant months of the year 1852. His course led him to England, Prussia, Denmark, Central and Southern Europe, and France, over a now familiar way; but there is sufficient originality and peculiarity in his manner of looking at things, and of making useful and striking observations upon them, to give to his journal a distinctive character, and to engage for it the unflagging attention of the reader.

The same firm have given to the public yet another — and we must think it the best — translation of Goethe's "Faust." It is the work of one of our most exact and accomplished German scholars, the Rev. Charles T. Brooks, of whose peculiar ability and fitness for this task no one who knows him can need assurance from us. Years of careful study, added to natural aptitudes and a poet's inborn gift, have qualified him for the work. The distinctive characteristic of this translation is, that it adheres in the structure of its versification to the various and alternating metres of the original. Of course, smoothness must be sacrificed for occasional hardness and constrained expression, in order to carry out this very difficult principle. But the English reader gains by it a more perfect idea of the genius and the make of the original. — We wish that the

translator's diffidence had not withheld him from doubling the thickness of the volume, by giving us a commentary or exposition of the artistic, philosophical, and psychological elements of the poem. We think that his competence to such a task gives the reader a claim upon him for its performance. When the translation passes into a new edition, we hope it may be enriched by such an addition.

The Rev. B. Parsons, at the age of eighty-seven years, appears as the author of a small book bearing the title, "Last Words of an Advocate of Pure Evangelical Religion." (New York: Daniel Fanshaw, 16mo, pp. 252.) The venerable age of the writer, and the subject on which he thus engages his last, best thoughts, invite the attention of the serious reader to his book.

Of books more especially adapted to interest young persons, this is the period of time for the best supply. Leading off the list comes a "Memoir of Washington," by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland (D. Appleton & Co., New York, 12mo, pp. 516). This is excellently suited to the use of the young, as the method adopted for presenting what is most engaging in the life of its great subject admits of wise selection and affectionate relation.

"Autumnal Leaves: Tales and Sketches in Prose and Rhyme," by L. Maria Child (New York: C. S. Francis & Co., 16mo, pp. 365), — is the title of a collection of pieces, some of which have already appeared in print, others of which are new to readers, from the pen of a much esteemed writer. Mrs. Child was one of the earliest, and has always been among the best, of our female authors. It is with pleasure that we put into the hands of our children the works of a favorite instructor of our own youth, a large contributor to its happiness.

"Stories for Christmas and Winter Evenings" is the title of the third volume of Putnam's Story Library (G. P. Putnam & Co., New York, 16mo, pp. 324). The principle recognized in this very popular series of books is to gather together the stories of best proved interest and of the highest moral. They are safe and pleasure-giving.

We add the titles of a few more children's books, which we may safely commend to those in search of them: —

Now or Never; or, The Adventures of Bobby Bright. A Story for Young Folks. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Brown, Bazin, & Co.

Tales of Flemish Life. By Hendrik Conscience. New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co.

The Play-Day Book: New Stories for Little Folks. By Fanny Fern. Illustrated by Fred. M. Coffin. New York: Mason and Brothers.

Sedgemoor; or Home Lessons. By Mrs. Manners. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

History of Henry the Fourth, King of France and Navarre. By John S. C. Abbott. With Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Old Whitey's Christmas Trot. A Story for the Holidays. By A. Oakey Hall. With Sixteen Illustrations, by Thwaites. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Little Learner, Learning about Common Times. By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Grandmother Lee's Portfolio. Illustrated by Hammatt Billings. Boston: Whittemore, Niles, and Hall.

Sabbath Talks with Little Children on the Psalms of David. By the Author of "The Mothers of the Bible." Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co.

We hope to offer our proper tribute to Dr. Kane's splendid work, and to himself, in an Article in our next number.

Dr. Robinson's *Biblical Researches*, in their extended form, will engage our notice in our next number.

We are constrained, also, much to our own regret, to defer our own due recognition of the virtues and excellences of that beloved friend whom our churches are now mourning, the Rev. Dr. Ephraim Peabody.

OBITUARY.

THE late SAMUEL HOAR, of Concord, Massachusetts, moved in so large a circle in the world, he fulfilled so high and extensive a responsibility, and had so important an influence in society, while he was with us, that now, when he has passed away from our sight, it is well to recur again and again to the moral of his life, to see what use he made of the means placed in his hands, and what he accomplished with them. It will be profitable as well as pleasant to review and establish in our minds the principles that governed him, and kindle anew in our hearts the affections that warmed his own, and made his being a centre of happiness to those who were about him.

Mr. Hoar was born in Lincoln, in this State, on the 18th of May, 1778. In his early years, he wrought upon the farm with his father. But preferring a different sphere, he entered Harvard College in 1798, and graduated with distinguished honors in 1802. He then taught the children in a private family, in Virginia, for two years. While there, he began the study of the law. He finished his preliminary professional education in the office of the late Judge Artemas Ward, of Charlestown. In 1805, he was admitted to the bar, and commenced the practice of law in Concord, where he remained until his death, which took place on the 2d of November, 1856.

His professional career was one of uninterrupted success. He very early reached a position at the head of the bar of Middlesex County, and there he sustained himself without rival as long as he desired to practice. He secured and preserved the unmeasured confidence of the people who intrusted their legal interests, their fortunes, their personal rights, and their reputations in his hands, when they were in peril. He was a learned and a sound lawyer, a judicious and faithful counselor, and an earnest and honorable advocate. His legal opinions were relied upon as decisive of questions in doubt. His thorough knowledge of the law, his high moral character, his love of and firm adherence to truth, his extreme gravity, his freedom from all exaggeration, and his sincerity, gave him great influence with juries and other bodies whom he addressed, and made his professional services of great value to those who were in need of them.

For nearly forty years, Mr. Hoar held his high position at the bar, not only of Middlesex, but in other parts of the State. He was often called to practise in other counties, and he was almost as familiarly known in the courts of Suffolk, Norfolk, and Worcester as he was at home.

After a long and laborious course, although in good health, he voluntarily retired from the active engagements and the hard struggles of professional life, and devoted himself to more genial pursuits.

Mr. Hoar was a Federalist, when that party had an existence, and was therefore generally in the political minority in his own county. Moreover, he shrunk from political entanglements and strife, for he deemed such to be inconsistent with professional success and usefulness, which were his main ambition. Yet he was elected to public offices at various times. He was a member of the House of Representatives and of the Senate of Massachusetts, and for two years one of the Governor's Council. He was a Representative in the Twenty-fourth Congress of the United States. He was in the Convention that framed the new Constitution of this State, in 1820. In all these offices, he was a man of mark and power, and his influence, by speech and by vote, was given to the support of the right, the true, and the liberal, in principle and in practice.

About thirty years ago, some of the Southern States prohibited, by law, the coming of free colored persons within their borders. Colored seamen, cooks, and passengers, on board of merchant-vessels, were forbidden to enter their harbors, even for the temporary purpose of delivering or receiving cargoes, except on the condition of being imprisoned at their own cost while they remained. And if they should fail, from inability or other cause, to pay the jailer's fees and their board, they were to be sold, and the money raised to pay this expense.

Massachusetts, through her Legislature and her merchants and philanthropists, protested against this as oppressive to her colored citizens, as an interference with the freedom and the interests of commerce, and with the recognized constitutional rights of the people of the several States. As these protests were unavailing, the Legislature authorized the appointment of agents in South Carolina and Louisiana, to look after the interests of her colored seamen who should visit those States, and, if need be, test the constitutionality of those laws in the national courts. Accordingly, several citizens of those States were appointed for this purpose, but they all declined; and it became necessary to send agents from home to Charleston and New Orleans.

This office was a very delicate one to manage, and difficult to perform. Both the governments and the people of those States were unwilling that these laws should be called in question. Their own lawyers, who are willing to act in behalf of any honorable interest and engage in the defence of even the criminal, declined the acceptance of this agency to defend the colored seamen coming from the North, at the request of the Legislature of Massachusetts. It was manifest that there was not only a resolution to sustain their position at all hazards, but an extreme sensitiveness as to even a doubt of its propriety, and an irritable jealousy of any interference from abroad, even by the ordinary process of law, in behalf of these colored citizens of the Free States.

It was therefore necessary to select for this agency one whose character, courage, and legal knowledge would sustain him in the conflict which he must wage, single-handed, against the combined powers of the State and people on whose soil the trial must take place. It was necessary to add to these qualifications such wisdom, prudence, and courtesy as would lead those people to tolerate at least, if not to favor, this measure, which they looked upon with so much suspicion and dissatisfaction in the advance.

Of all the men in the State, Mr. Hoar seemed to combine these qualities in a larger degree than any other, and he was accordingly selected by Governor Briggs for this delicate and responsible work, in 1844. In

the autumn of that year, he went to Charleston, South Carolina, with the purpose of bringing a case of some imprisoned colored citizen of Massachusetts before the courts of the United States, and to ask for a decision of the question whether this law of imprisonment were in conformity with, or repugnant to, the national Constitution.

Immediately on his arrival, he sent a note to the Governor of South Carolina, informing him of the authority by which he came, and the purpose of his visit, and requesting an amicable co-operation to secure the ends of justice. The Governor transmitted these papers to the Legislature, then in session, for their consideration and advice. That body referred this message and the papers to a committee, who reported:—

“*Resolved*, That the right to exclude from their territories seditious persons, or others whose presence may be dangerous to their peace, is essential to every independent state.

“*Resolved*, That the emissary sent by the State of Massachusetts to the State of South Carolina, with the avowed purpose of interfering with her institutions and disturbing her peace, is to be regarded in the character he has assumed, and to be treated accordingly.

“*Resolved*, That his Excellency the Governor be requested to expel from our territory the said agent, after due notice to depart, and that the Legislature will sustain the executive authority in any measures it may adopt for the purposes aforesaid.”

In Charleston, Mr. Hoar endeavored to obtain access to the records of the courts in respect to the proceedings against colored seamen from Massachusetts, but without success; no office was opened to him, no books were free to his inspection. In the mean time, there was much excitement in the city, on account of Mr. Hoar's mission there. The people seemed alarmed, as if some evil were threatened by his presence among them. He was waited upon by some of the men in authority, and informed that he would not be allowed to remain among them, still less would he be permitted to open and contest any case, even in the national courts, in behalf of free colored seamen. He was advised to leave the city and State at once, in order to escape danger.

Within a day or two, and before any information could be obtained, or any action taken in pursuit of his purpose, a number of gentlemen, including men of property and standing, came with a large crowd of people and several carriages, and informed him that they were ready to escort him to the boat, which was soon to leave the harbor for the North, and they were prepared to execute their will at whatever cost. Finding resistance to the people and the authorities to be useless, he went to the boat, accompanied by several men and gentlemen of the city, and soon left the State.

Mr. Hoar's wisdom and learning, his sympathy with mankind, and his generous spirit, brought upon him many responsibilities for the care of other men's affairs, both within and beyond the pale of his profession. He was intrusted to manage, or appointed to aid in administering, or solicited to advise concerning, the personal and financial interests of the public, of associations, and of individuals. To each and to all of these he gave his hearty and efficient service. Regarding man and fearing God, he protected alike the fortune of the affluent and the mite of the widow. He gave his sympathy and encouragement to the various schemes of education and charity, for the elevation of the masses, the advancement of the cultivated, and the relief of the suffering.

He was an Overseer of Harvard College, and a Trustee of the School for Idiotic and Feeble-minded Youth. He was a Member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and of the Massachusetts Historical Society. He was connected with the Colonization Society, and with the Unitarian Association and the Bible Society. He was associated with those who were engaged in the causes of Temperance and of Human Freedom.

In the early and middle periods of his life, the overwhelming calls of his profession, with occasional service of the public, absorbed most of his time and energies. But in his later years he threw off the burden of legal practice, and gave himself up to the service of his fellow-men, to the calls of benevolence, the work of alleviating the ills of the world, and improving its condition. He was particularly interested in the Idiot School, and most faithful to his responsibility as a trustee of the establishment. He was never absent from, nor even late in his attendance upon, the meetings of the board, although they were held frequently, and twenty miles from his home. He watched over and cultivated the interests of that school with affectionate and unfaltering zeal; and his many visits to those benighted children, and his earnest and tender regard for their welfare and improvement, manifested the kindness of his heart and the warmth of his charity toward even the humblest of the children of God.

He earnestly sympathized with, and encouraged the interests of, education, both secular and religious, in every form and in every variety, and was ready and willing to render his active aid and personal service in their behalf.

At that period of his life when most men retire from all official responsibility, and leave to their juniors to labor for the public, he cheerfully served his townsmen on the School Committee, and failed not in his visitations at the schools of every grade,—the high and the primary. He watched the struggles and the success of the child just grasping at his letters, and the ambitious youth striding through the higher branches. He became an active teacher in the Sunday school, and was constantly present with his class, even to the last Sabbath of his life. He had great confidence in this institution as one of the important means of establishing the kingdom of God in the hearts of men, in their earliest and most susceptible years. He was willing to spend and be spent in its service, and he warmly encouraged others, especially the young, to enlist in the same cause. He was an active member and a very efficient officer of the Middlesex Sunday-School Society, and promptly attended its meetings in the various parts of the county, however remote from his home, and however forbidding might be the season. He was also an efficient co-operator in the State Sunday-School Society, and one of the last acts of his life was his attendance at a meeting of its officers, in Boston, to make arrangements for its celebration at Salem.

He believed that alcoholic stimulants were almost always injurious and never beneficial in health. He saw that their use was destructive to the moral and intellectual powers, as well as to the physical frame. He therefore warmly enlisted in the work of reformation, and co-operated zealously with those who were laboring for the suppression of intemperance.

The same regard for man, and high ideal of human destiny and hu-

man right, led him early to desire that all should enjoy the due opportunities of developing and using the faculties that nature had given them, and to believe and assert that they had a natural right to self-direction and self-government. His observations of the relation of master and slave, during his residence in Virginia, strengthened these sentiments, and shaped them distinctly into the principle, that this relation was wrong to the laborer and not advantageous to the owner, and opposed to the law of God and the hopes of a generous humanity. This feeling was deepened and this principle strengthened and enlivened by his experience in South Carolina.

When he saw that the supporters of slavery were not contented with its mere passive existence under the Constitution, but were determined to give it an active power as well as an increasing life; moreover, when he found that they were resolved to make this a paramount object in every association and in every line of policy, and to forego all others for its sake, and even overrule justice and the charities and courtesies of life to establish and extend it, then he thought it the duty of those who differed from them to meet the question with something more than a merely passive dissent, and to oppose the aggression with an active, resolute, and unfaltering resistance, whenever and wherever it should present itself. He therefore co-operated with those who, trusting in the Constitution and regarding its powers and its requirements, yet believed it was never intended to encourage or admit the growth and spread of slavery in this land.

He early became a member of the church in Concord under the care of the late Rev. Dr. Ripley, and was a fast friend to him and to his successor, Mr. Frost, until his death. He was a never-failing attendant on divine worship; morning and afternoon always found him there. In winter and summer, in fair weather and in storm, when many others find excuse for absence, he was sure to be in his seat, even to the last Sunday of his life.

His great interest in religion, and his love for its institutions and ordinances, brought him into intimate contact with its friends, and especially the clergy. He was the ready friend and supporter of the Church, in all its various forms of doctrine and organization. He was much relied upon for advice in its trials and afflictions. Probably no man in his time, except perhaps the late Judge Hubbard, was called upon more frequently to aid the Church with his legal wisdom, and to defend and sustain its legal rights, before judges and juries, referees and councils, for he was eminently its counsellor and its defender.

His domestic relations were extremely happy. He married Sarah, the daughter of Roger Sherman, Senator in Congress from Connecticut.

These are the substantial facts of Mr. Hoar's life, which, from the beginning to the end, through almost fourscore years, was never an idle one, nor even one of entire rest; but always spent in service that was profitable to his fellow-men.

In reviewing the life of one who has so faithfully and acceptably served the two generations that are past and passing, it is well to analyze the character that gave his life its power and success, and see what further lesson may be drawn from it for the encouragement and benefit of those who would live righteously and usefully in the world.

The prominent elements in Mr. Hoar's character were a strong and well-balanced mind, a thorough discipline of all his intellectual and moral powers, an uncompromising love of truth under every circum-

stance, great respect for man as such and a tender regard for his well-being, and a deep and abiding reverence for the Being and the Law of God.

These elements were manifested to a marked degree in his early life, and, by constant and persevering cultivation, they grew even to his latest years, when in his serene and happy old age they shone with uncommon brilliancy and acted with unusual power.

With him, life was ever earnest and unfalteringly true. Whatever his hands found to do, that he did with all his might, and that might was great and effective. He considered, that for him no office should be a mere sinecure, no position mere honor, no undertaking a bare name; but whatever of these he accepted, or whatever expectation he encouraged, he fulfilled to the extremity of his power, for he looked upon all the responsibilities which he assumed, whether professional or extraneous, as religious trusts, which he was required to fulfil to his utmost extent and in the most perfect manner. He considered himself as bound to bring to his work all the resources which his talent and opportunities could command. He therefore conscientiously fortified himself in the law, both in its principles and its details, and examined every subject, whether legal or otherwise, that was submitted to his direction or his influence; for he deemed that nothing, short of the best and the most effective within his reach, was due to those who intrusted their interests, of whatever nature and however great or small, in his hands, and this he resolutely determined to give to their work.

His temperament was nervous-bilious. He happily combined with great modesty and self-chastening also great firmness and resolution, that carried him through all trials and labors, and enabled him to sustain heavy responsibilities without hesitation. He was cheerful, but never buoyant. He took bright views of the world, its progress, and its destiny. Grave and serious in his manner, he was not stern nor austere. He was kind and affectionate, and judged liberally and generously of the acts and motives of others. His feelings, emotions, and passions were all subdued, and ever under the control of his will. In the forensic contests before the juries, in the strifes of contending parties, he, the leader of one or the other, never lost his self-possession, but gentle and placid, though firm, he was his own master, commanding and directing all the resources which nature and study had given him, and applying them to the purposes then before him, and to the service of those who employed him.

In his domestic and private life, with his family, his friends, and his neighbors, Mr. Hoar showed the beauty of his chastened spirit, his elevation of purpose, and the power of his comprehensive affections. Taking interest in the affairs of others, and sympathizing with them in their joys and their sorrows, their plans and their struggles, he was ever ready to lend his encouragement where it was availing, and to do good where it was needed. He was therefore a most valuable citizen in his own town and neighborhood. Although retiring in his manner and habit, he was very social. His vast experience and intercourse with the world, his abundant learning, especially in history, in political science, and general literature, and his almost exhaustless fund of anecdote, by which he illustrated his positions and enriched his conversation, made him a very agreeable as well as profitable companion and an acceptable member of society.

In his dealings with the world, in his intercourse with his friends, and in his professional practice, Mr. Hoar's first desire seemed to be to

receive and to impart truth. He was laborious and patient in his investigations, and extremely cautious in his deductions. He allowed himself to have no opinions except such as seemed to him to have good foundations to rest upon. He was willing to hold his judgment in abeyance, in regard to matters on which he had insufficient knowledge, preferring to confess his ignorance rather than to admit and impart a hasty and perhaps erroneous conclusion.

He was cautious and guarded in his statements and expressions. He was careful to convey just so much as he knew or believed to be true, and no more, so that no man should be misled by any looseness of his speech, or be misguided by any ill-founded opinions from him. These habits of mind, and his severity of self-discipline, made him very wise in the ordinary affairs of life, and his judgment very safe, not only for his own guidance, but for others who in any degree came within the reach of his influence. The advice of such a prudent and able counsellor was, therefore, sought by many, especially in respect to questions of law.

But this cautious habit of investigation and deduction, and his love of truth, made him unwilling to undertake the management of many suits at law which sought his leadership. He would not as a counsellor encourage, nor as an advocate engage in, any cause, unless he saw that there was a good ground for prosecution or defence. He would lend his aid to the weak and the persecuted, but not to the strong and unjust persecutor. He loved to ferret out and expose wrong, to lay bare the schemes of iniquity, and to sustain the righteous, both in the courts of law and in the world at large.

With all his frequent practice in courts and intercourse with litigants, he was eminently adverse to litigation. He discouraged lawsuits. He preferred that his clients should settle their difficulties amicably, rather than go into the arena of legal strife.

In all the affairs of the world, he kept himself aloof from the petty variances and disagreements that sometimes creep into society. He was never involved in the troubles of neighborhood, or of towns, or of parties; but he lent his influence for peace and harmony.

He was decided in his religious and his political opinions. He did not hesitate to declare which party or association enjoyed his confidence and sympathy. Yet he was no controversialist, nor a propagandist; he was willing that others should enjoy their opinions undisturbed, as he claimed to enjoy his own.

The foundations of his character and the governing principle of his life were laid deep in his strong religious convictions and affections, and his constant reverence for the Being and Presence of God. These seemed to go with him in all his dealings with his fellow-men, in all his connection with the affairs of the world.

So Mr. Hoar's life and conversation, his example and his influence, were always given to the support of the right, the true, and the generous, to the service of God and the increase of righteousness and love among mankind. And having been faithful to his trust of talents and opportunities through two generations on earth, he has passed to a larger and nobler sphere of existence; and yet his memory dwells among us, to bless the world by its teachings, and by its invitations and encouragements to an honorable and successful stewardship.